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THE DIAL

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A CHAT ABOUT GEORGE GISSING.

Sitting here in my secluded Florentine garden, I dream how good it would have been to know George Gissing. One might have helped him with sympathy, if in no other way. For his path led up where he left blood from his feet and hands upon the stones. The one flowery by-path into which he once diverged probably crossed my own path. Aloof from the thousands of tourists with their "professional" outfit, from whom the real lover of the ideal Italy would fain avert his face, there walked here in my time this high-souled pilgrim. One could forgive many an ill turn of Fortune had she in her turning but brought one to sight and speech of him. What a sense of inward distinction it would have inspired to have been the man who once saw Gissing plain!

It was here, some years after his too early death, that he first became something more (and how much more!) than a name to me, through his travel-book entitled "By the Ionian Sea: Notes of a Ramble in Southern Italy." It is the story of the author's long-yearned-for holiday, which he employed in seeking through Magna Græcia for the vestiges of its vanished cities,—places ill-starred in history and unstarred in Baedeker. It is not a book which is recommended to the tourist. Among the scores of officious guides and travel-books, most of them manufactured for the trade, which in normal years are conspicuous in the show-windows of the bookshops on Via Tornabuoni, it is not to be found. Perhaps there is not a copy for sale this side London. It is a book for the adventurous traveller in that Italy which is visible only to the eye of informed imagination. There lies, for example, Crotona, that marvellous centre of wealth and beauty and urbane culture, which sent Milo to the Olympian Games and could afford Pythagoras three hundred disciples. There is no visible trace of it left. What Gissing saw with the outward eye is a wretched little village called Cotrone (not Crotona) with a squalid inn, where he paid dear for the gratification of his historic senti-

ment. Smitten down with sudden fever, he lay in this filthy inn for days and nights, half delirious, without proper food or attendance. Apparently his journey and his life had well nigh ended together. But here he had a dream for the sake of which, he says, he was glad of the experience. The description of that dream seems to me to transcend in splendor anything in the "Opium Eater," showing a side of Gissing's literary power which, so far as I know, he has displayed nowhere else. The impressions left by the book are clear and bright among a thousand faded ones left by more recent reading. Of the many charming books about Italy that I have read, this, after Goethe's "Italian Journey," blossoms most fragrant in memory; though almost equally memorable is the fine study of Italian nature by Victor Heyn (another German). But the booksellers are quite right in not keeping Gissing's book in stock: there is little in it for persons in search of information; and it would probably disappoint readers of such a solid book as Story's "Roba di Roma" and the less substantial but dainty travel sketches of Howells and James. Indeed the author has, quite unobtrusively and unconsciously, put more into it about Gissing than about Italy. And in this, probably, consisted the spell which it laid upon me: giving me to know one of those rare exotic natures that sometimes alight, like visitors from a happier planet, upon the fat lowlands of England, soon to be withered by that rigorous social climate. For it was a character of rare distinction whom I met thus unexpectedly by the Ionian Sea.

There was other treasure-trove possibly even rarer in these days,—a piece of sound literature. Gissing's pure well-bred, nobly simple style is his own,—it is himself. It is a sincere old wine innocent of effervescent ingredients, limpid to the eye, fragrant to taste, clearing the brain of vapors, exhilarant yet sobering. For such a style, devoid of mannerism, stooping to no cheap devices of slang or dialect or "punch," one must travel a long way back upon the rather grass-grown path leading to Chaucer's well of English undefiled. At that fount, which the old Bible translators turned into a spring of Bethesda, Gissing drank freely from a cup which seems to have been handed to him by Swift.

When in the course of time it became my privilege to read "The Private Papers of

Henry Ryecroft," I felt the rapture of first love give place to the steady joy of old friendship. It would have been the same, I suppose, if I had read this book first. (The reader will pardon me: not pretending to sit in the seat of the critic on this occasion, I am only trying to relate my personal adventures in the reading of Gissing; the use of the pronoun of the first person is really, therefore, prompted rather by modesty than by egotism.) I do not know how to compare first love and friendship; certainly in the commerce of books no subsequent joy can come up to "the first fine careless rapture." True, memory is an enchanter; the old books bear compound interest upon all the delight, and all the pain too, with which we have read them in times gone by. But the pleasures of memory have a sober cast. With what a leap of the heart did we first read the "Faust" of Goethe with as clear an understanding as if it had been written in the language of Marlowe; or stand face to face with the spirit of Emerson or of Leopardi. Matthew Arnold tells us how he had felt this rapture over the pages of the "Centaur" of Maurice de Guérin. Here, indeed, the analogy of first love holds good: there is always the bystander who rails,—"I can't imagine what he sees in her!" I trust the reader will not rail, but I cannot blame him if he fails to see what I see in Gissing. Blame! How can taste for what is wholesome be kept intact when a thousand literary craters are showering down their flakes of creosote that sift in through every crevice, coat the palate, and scant the breath of life? The only remedy would be, if we cannot keep out of its way, to adopt a mask as soldiers do against the German choke-gas.

It would be pleasant, to the writer at least, to dwell awhile here upon the Ryecroft Papers; but I suppose they must be very familiar to DIAL readers. Possibly the novels are equally familiar; at all events, since one must choose, I choose to devote my space chiefly to some consideration of them. For a cursory survey of Gissing's literary output his competent and friendly critic, Mr. Thomas Seecombe, in his introduction to "The House of Cobwebs," takes nearly fifty pages. This is far too little: George Gissing should have a niche in the Pantheon of "English Men of Letters," and Mr. Seecombe should be the sculptor of the noble image. I take as a text,

or pretext, for the little that can be said here the story called "The Odd Women,"—partly because I am now re-reading it with increasing admiration, partly because Mr. Seccombe takes occasion to fling a hasty stone at it. In an ill-considered foot-note, he stigmatizes this novel as "a rather sordid and depressing survey of the life-histories of certain orphaned daughters of a typical Gissing doctor." This reminds one of Besant's anecdote of the man from Auckland who landed at Wapping, spent six weeks rambling aimlessly about East London, never venturing westward beyond the tower, and carried home the report that London, though immense, is architecturally very inferior to Auckland. Mr. Seccombe appears to have seen only the Whitechapel district of the novel in question. It would be as true to describe "The Tempest" as a sordid tale about a savage monster and a parcel of drunken sailors. I have cited the least violent part of Mr. Seccombe's calumnious description, which is calculated to warn readers of wholesome taste away from the book. One would have thought that only a newspaper critic could venture to base a verdict so severe upon the title and the first two chapters.

The truth is, of course, that even as to plot, which, though ingenious, affords by no means a chief reason for admiration of this novel, these sordid "life-histories" are distinctly subordinate. The main plot and, what is more to the purpose, the main interest, are concerned with the pursuit by a strong and resolute man of an equally resolute woman who had devoted herself heart and soul to the uplifting of unfortunate sisters, and specifically to a school designed to train to self-helpfulness as many as possible of the "odd women,"—the discards of the matrimonial market. These two capital figures, lovingly portrayed at full length and with minute detail by the sure hand of a master, are set in brilliant relief upon that obscure background whereon it would be morbid to fix one's gaze. In contrast with this really bright and charming story, there emerges from the background pretty Monica, who is cast away upon the desert island of marriage with a species of lower-middle-class Othello, a ferociously conscientious chap with primitive views about the subjection of woman. Then there is the engaging episode, which has all the requisites of a good "short story," of

the marriage of Micklethwaite after an engagement of seventeen years. That it is what Mr. Seccombe calls "a jack-in-the-box plot" matters little; comparatively few long English novels can boast of the exemplary unity of "The Egoist" or "The Return of the Native." What greatly matters is that there is nothing puppet-like about the personages who live and move and have their being upon these fascinating pages,—pages over some of which one lingers long and of which it would be difficult to skip any,—except perhaps the somewhat perfunctory final chapter. Philosophically, the novel treats of the "woman question," whereof it contains discussions more material and penetrating than some regular treatises. The natural and abundant dialogue,—wise, witty, on occasion trivial, but never insignificant,—is full of good things. The merely descriptive passages are models of terse and graphic handling such as is rarer in English than in French fiction. Portrayal of character is in solution in the dialogue; the author refrains from advising you what you ought to think of his creatures, though he does sometimes pause to describe their thoughts, instead of compelling the reader to infer them. Notably, there is little indulgence in verbal landscape-painting,—that ingenious modern device for filling up the time (and the page) while awaiting some delayed train of thought. I believe this book contains not a single touch of what is called "description of nature" before the twenty-fifth chapter, where the lovers are alone together by flood and fell; and even here, though delightful glimpses of scenery are scattered through the narrative, there is no formal landscape-piece. A lecture, generally one of a course, while the vessel is failing to get under way or lying becalmed in the doldrums, is an accepted feature of English fiction as practised by the masters, Fielding, Scott, George Eliot, Thackeray, Meredith, even Dickens, and from these high regions down to a nadir in Mr. E. F. Benson ("The Oakleyites"). How often does the long-suffering reader cry out to the novelist, as did Hamlet to the player, "Begin, murderer, pox, leave thy damnable faces and begin!"

In using just now the term "nadir" I meant to imply that I was speaking of stars, and that the writer mentioned is a member of the same system, at whatever astronomic distance. There is an imperfectly defined but distinct

zone along which literature leaves off above and beneath which flourish journalism, advertisement-writing, all multitudinous forms of penmanship. When it chances that one of the million penmen, emerging, shoots up through this zone, there is joy in Heaven. That transit must have been made by George Gissing at an early age. Born in 1857, he published his first novel, "Workers in the Dawn," as early as 1880. Between this date and 1903, when he died, the amount of his production, considering its quality and the unfavorable circumstances, is amazing. The list contains twenty-two novels, two volumes of short stories, an abridgment of Forster's life of Dickens, a critical study of Dickens, besides the two remarkable books of which I spoke at the outset. The adequate study of his life and work which is yet to seek will perhaps determine at what moment of his career Gissing crossed the dubious zone of twilight and emerged a star shining with its own internal light.

At risk of being thought whimsical, I suggest (by way of bringing this *causerie* to a close) that George Gissing as an artist is own brother to Jane Austen. They are alike in minute accuracy of observation, in perfection of fabric, in sureness of touch, in the well-bred simplicity which is the last refinement of art. By no means do I resent the implication that Gissing has a certain feminine quality,—but this, mind you, is by no means equivalent to the denial of his virility as an artist. Contrast his women, for example, with Meredith's bright creations,—Clara Middleton, Lucy Feverel, Rhoda Fleming, Diana of the Crossways,—all colored with the flaming tints of masculine passion. We see them all through the eyes of their first lover, who is the author of their being. Gissing appears, on the other hand, to be no more in love with his Rhoda Nunn than is Miss Austen with her Elizabeth Bennet. These two kindred artists portray their women with feminine detachment, with a sympathy excluding sexual passion. Which attitude, that of Meredith (which seems also to be Shakspeare's), or that of Miss Austen and Gissing, conduces to the truest vision, is an æsthetic question concerning which experts are, as usual, divided. Is it a masculine or a feminine note that Gissing's men are apt to be more convincingly portrayed than are Miss Austen's?

But I wish not to insist upon the parallel, because it is difficult to imagine what Jane

Austen would turn out to be with all the difference of the century, haunted with social problems, heart-heavy with the wretchedness of the hopeless human scene, exiled from her fair country-side, lodged solitary in a London garret or cellar, ill-clad and ill-fed, cut off from cheerful intercourse, writing for her bread and seasoning it with her tears. Difficult to imagine, and, the sensitive reader will exclaim, horrible! Yet is the fact before us scarcely less sad and strange. That a man of so fine a temper was able in such conditions to pursue his existence is remarkable enough. That, harassed and depressed by circumstances of peculiar misery such as have driven others to suicide, he should have been able to gain and hold an outlook so wide and serene, to delineate so large a section of human life at once veraciously and, on the whole, entertainingly, is past comprehending. We can only put the marvel a little farther away, murmuring the catch-phrase, "miracle of genius." How he managed to induce soul and body to dwell together in amity throughout those sullen years of toil, what hopes buoyed him up, what illusions he clung to, one can guess from a thousand details in his novels. The masterpiece entitled "New Grub Street" is an instructive example of the way in which a man of genius can "convert his gyves to graces." It is a vast series of Hogarthian cartoons of the human scene wherein he was both actor and spectator. The *dramatis personæ* of this darkened stage, the Milvains and the Yules, Reardon, Biffin, Hinks, Whelpdale, are more or less involved in the tragic fate that overshadowed him. They are no mere creations of fancy: they clank the chain that shackled him, their living flesh is seared with the same branding-iron.

To those who look to fiction for cheer, for a kind of opiate for the memory, perhaps for brief respite from intolerable conditions, I hesitate to recommend the novels of George Gissing. Some may indeed find here whatever consolation there may be in the reminder that "we are not all alone unhappy." It is hard to conceive that anyone can be the worse for commerce with an author whose observation is so intelligent and whose art is so refined. That these novels are not examples of flawless art is probably the fault of the public to which perforce he catered. Speaking for myself, these books are chiefly dear and affecting because of the traces of his own nature,

because my hand touches sometimes the scars of his own wounds. As we follow these traces of him, the author sooner or later reveals himself as a friend.

Short was his life and full of labor and sorrow; pity he could not have been spared to see the good years wherein he might have enjoyed some fruition of his painful sowing! Yet his art bears silent and eloquent testimony to the many, many hours of deep enjoyment that must have been his. Despite the tragedy that clouded his life and that overgrooms his works, we cannot, on the whole, call other than happy the fate of one who had the grace to

translate the stubbornness of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

Florence, Italy.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN LONDON.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Members of the Fabian Society have never taken a modest view of the abilities, influence, and importance of that body; and as one of them I may be comprehended, if not pardoned, if I say that Mr. E. R. Pease's "History of the Fabian Society" is one of the most interesting books of the year. Mr. Pease, over thirty years ago, was one of the founders of the Society. The first meetings were held in his rooms, and for many years he was its Secretary. He might almost be called the Memory of the Society: the drawers of his mind are full of information about long forgotten debates and dead pioneers. It is natural that a great many of his chapters have rather a domestic interest; few except Fabians themselves can be expected to take a feverish interest in the rejected programmes of rebel bodies within the Society, and the genesis of propagandist tracts which are now on the shelf. But anyone who reads the book, keeping his eye all the time on the contemporary political history of England, will find it very enlightening, for it is the history of the modern social reform movement *in parvo*. It is also stimulative, for it shows how much can be done, even in a large modern State, by a small group of intelligent and determined persons unassisted by wealth or social prestige. In the early eighties, Pease was a young member of the Stock Exchange, Webb and Sydney Oliver were Colonial Office clerks, and Bernard Shaw an immigrant Irish journalist whose books were still in his brain and who was learning to speak at street corners and

at suburban "Parliaments." Those men, with Mrs. Webb, Graham Wallas, Hubert Bland, and (for a time) Annie Besant, have done almost all the important work of the Society. It had a good deal to do with the formation of the Labour Party, and with the conversion of the Liberals from *laissez faire* individualism; it has shaped important Acts of Parliament; it has infected large sections of the English intelligentsia with Socialism; and it has had a good deal to do with the wholesale incursion of artists and *littérateurs* into political controversy which is so marked a phenomenon to-day.

Whether it is a good thing for the artist's art that he should be harnessed to the chariot of social reform is an open question. But it is a fact that in our time he usually is. It isn't an altogether new thing, of course: Dickens, for instance, had something to say about private lunatic asylums and private schools, and William Godwin wrote "Caleb Williams" merely in order to expose the defects of landlordism and the penal system. But in the twentieth century it is almost universal; and the Fabian Society, Shaw in particular, has to a considerable extent been instrumental in the change; though we may deduce from the experience of other countries that it would have happened somehow in any case. Shaw is, of course, conspicuous throughout Mr. Pease's book. He was not in the Society at the start, but came in soon after, characteristically getting himself elected to the Committee at once and proceeding on the spot to show his brethren how to draw up pamphlets which would hit the public in the eye. Some of the later chapters are dominated by Mr. Wells, who, about ten years ago, came charging into the Society, trumpeting like an excited elephant, and demanding that the Fabians, amongst other things, should become a political party. There was a brief Civil War, and in the end Mr. Wells was beaten and seceded. Where he failed nobody else could succeed; the waves of revolt beat in vain against the Old Gang; *ils y sont, ils y restent*.

Bernard Shaw's new "Androcles" book, with a preface on the Christian religion and its Founder, will presumably have appeared on your side already. At the moment Mr. Shaw is engaged in a controversy with Mr. Chesterton. With a new book as his text, he analyzed at great length in "The New Statesman" the flaws in Chesterton's intellect. It was to be expected that Chesterton in reply would point out several large beams in his critic's eye; and in "The New Witness" he argues that the whole of Shaw's political

career has been spent in vain, that Collectivist propaganda has only brought the Servile State upon us, and that the only way out is the Distributive State of that eminent peasant-proprietor, Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Incidentally, the weekly articles that G. K. C. is writing for "The New Witness" under the title, "At the Sign of the World's End" (which is a public house in Chelsea), are the best journalism he has ever done. The journal, a weekly edited by G. K.'s brother, Cecil, is the successor of "The Eye Witness," which was founded by Belloc to attack party politicians. It has been very good lately. Cecil Chesterton has collected together a staff of men none of whom fit into the ordinary political grooves but all of whom write exceedingly well. Their views I won't discuss; but their invective is at once violent and polished, and commands admiration even when it is directed against one's own friends. G. K. Chesterton has not, I think, published a new work during the last month; but he has several on the way, including a "History of England." At a venture one may anticipate that he will be right where the conventional historians are wrong, and wrong where they are right.

Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton's "Dead Yesterday" is the new novel which is being most discussed. It attempts an historical social survey of the years immediately preceding the war. The author is on the staff of "The Economist,"—a queer place for a novelist to be in any age but this. There has been no good new poetry; the nearest thing to it is Charles Doughty's "The Titans." Mr. Doughty is an extraordinary old man. A generation ago he wrote a very great thing—"Wanderings in Arabia Deserta." It is one of the finest travel books in the language; it has—what is so often falsely attributed to second rate books—the true epic quality; and, though it has never had the fame it deserves, the intensity with which some people appreciate it is shown by the prodigious price one has to pay (if one can get a copy at all) for a copy of the original edition. In the last ten years Mr. Doughty has taken to writing immensely long poems, the best of which are "The Dawn in Britain" and "Adam Cast Forth." They are remarkable on the one hand for their occasional superb beauties, and on the other for their unique obscurity. Mr. Doughty affects the most outlandish constructions, compressions, and words. He sometimes writes like an ancient Angle, Saxon, or Jute who has awoke from a long trance and spent six months learning the modern tongue in an English agricultural household where

Milton and the Bible are on the shelves. This beginning of book two is typical:

Among the infinite stars of firmament:
Hath many sythes; sith GOD'S HAND launcht
it forth;
Bowed down slow-reeling axe-tree of Earth clot
Before the THRONE! Each Reverence, star-
priests tell us,
As thirty thousand Suns revolving years,
Endures.

There is no pose about it; it is as natural to him as to them was the uncouthness of his rock-born Titans. The theme of the new book is a characteristically tremendous one: the birth of the world from Chaos, the play of the elements and the growth of vegetation before man was, the wars of the Titans and the Gods, the wanderings and inventions of our earliest ancestors. There are some beautiful passages: one especially describing spring in the young world before the creation of the human race. But such passages are few; and large tracts of the poem (though the poet's mind is always labouring) are as arid to the traveller as the desert in which the first tribe nearly perished of thirst. I would not warn anyone against "The Titans"; it is the work of a man who is almost a great poet. But it would be unwise of anyone who does not know Doughty's works to begin with this one.

Three plays by "Georgian" poets—Gordon Bottomley's "King Lear's Wife," Rupert Brooke's "Lithuania," and W. W. Gibson's "Hoops"—were produced at a special *matinée* recently. They had a very moderate success. Brooke's play was unrevised; Bottomley's is unconvincing,—it piles up ineffective gruesome-nesses, and its best poetical parts are precisely those which go least well on the stage. Other events are the death in Italy of H. P. Horne, and the appearance of the first number of "Form." Horne was the author of the standard work on Botticelli, and one of the leaders of the typographical revival. Types designed by him are used by the Florence and Riccardi Presses. "Form," which appears somewhat later than was intended, has an unusually large page, which lends itself to experiments in design. The text consists mainly of poems; there are eight by W. B. Yeats, and others by Sturge Moore, W. H. Davies, W. de la Mare, Francis Burrows, and Laurence Housman,—many of them reproduced from copies written out by hand. Other contributors are Frank Brangwyn (a double-page wood cut), Charles Shannon, Charles Ricketts, and Austin Spare, the editor.

London, June 8, 1916.

J. C. SQUIRE.

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CASUAL COMMENT.

GETTING OUT OF THE EDUCATIONAL TREADMILL is something that the live educator and the live student have to do repeatedly; for any prescribed course of study tends to become sooner or later a treadmill, just as all forms of devotion tend toward a soulless ritualism, and all manners and customs toward meaningless convention. Amherst College, which has always thrown the weight of its influence on the side of the retention of the humanities in liberal culture, now again commands approval by its effort to make its courses of study more than ever a quickening of the spirit by relieving them of deadening formality. Next year fifteen special senior courses are to be offered, with emphasis upon individual research and upon the correlation of all studies as something more than so many scraps of unrelated learning. The seminar method will be largely used, each of these conclaves limiting itself to not more than ten members, and sometimes having two or more professors present, not necessarily representing the same department. Among the new courses thus offered is one by President Meiklejohn and Professor Toll on contemporary problems of philosophy. Two professors, one in the English department and one in history, will give a course on ideas of political and religious freedom in English history and literature. The department of economics offers a course on social control of industrial activity. Other new courses are on significant motives and tendencies in literature, particularly in modern poetry; on early German drama; and on the development of political theory. All these courses, with their wide opportunity for original investigation and for free and many-sided discussion, represent a far remove from the old days when, too often, a ten-minute scramble through half a dozen pages of the textbook constituted many a happy-go-lucky student's sole preparation for the ordeal of the classroom.

PROBLEMS IN PUNCTUATION have a fascination for certain minds belonging to what, for convenience, may be called the logic-chopping order. A strictly logical system of punctuation is a desideratum; but the shades of relationship between words and clauses are so various as to make such a system impossible without the use of an inconvenient number of punctuation marks. Even with the comparatively few marks now recognized there is a tendency to limit oneself to the comma, the period, and the dash; the last-named serving all uses not served by the other two, and frequently usurping the functions of the other two. Until recently there has been but one standard work on English punctuation, the treatise by John Wilson, the printer, which was first published at Manchester, England, in 1844, was republished in Boston six years later, and had gone through seventeen editions as early as 1868. A much later hand-book, originally of anonymous authorship, has now appeared in revised and enlarged form as the work by Mr. William Livingston Klein. "Why We Punctuate" (issued by the *Lancet Pub-*

lishing Co. of Minneapolis) is sub-titled, "Reason versus Rule in the Use of Marks," though it does not antagonize the commonly accepted punctuation, but rather bases it on a fundament of reason. Of course careless and faulty punctuators are called to account, as would be expected in any treatise of the sort. Certain current usages of doubtful correctness might well have received a degree of attention that has not been given them by this writer. For instance, an undiscriminating use of the comma is familiar in sentences of the following type: Her costume was old-fashioned, grotesque, unbecoming, in short, positively hideous. The commas before and after "in short" would imply a likeness of relation between that phrase and the words immediately before and those immediately after it, whereas the connection with what follows is much closer than that with what precedes. Yet few writers would take the little trouble necessary to make this clear to the eye. The same error is often committed in introducing such a word as "namely" into the body of a sentence. Another prevalent violation of both rule and reason in punctuation is seen in the excessive use of the full stop where there is nothing approaching a complete sentence to require it. This illogical and irritating practice should be condemned. As a plea for right reason, however, and careful discrimination in the use of punctuation marks, Mr. Klein's book is heartily to be commended. For clearness and conciseness it is distinctly superior to Wilson's "masterful work" as that writer's successor ungrudgingly calls the "Treatise on English Punctuation," to which he erroneously assigns the year 1826 as the date of its first appearance.

HUMOROUS SELF-PORTRAITURE is a favorite form of literary expression with more than one author of genius. (The second-rate and third-rate authors are inclined to take themselves too seriously for any such whimsical performance.) Mark Twain, in letter and diary and printed book, abounds in extravagant but almost always amusing self-depreciation. T. B. Aldrich, as in "The Story of a Bad Boy," could make himself and his doings contributory to mirthful entertainment. Stevenson had a way of poking fun at himself in his more intimate correspondence and in the privacy of his diary. Here is a passage that catches the eye in a trade catalogue of Stevensoniana offered for sale by C. Gerhardt & Co. of New York. It is a bit of autobiography from a manuscript notebook of about sixteen pages, priced at \$165.00. "Born 1850 at Edinburgh. Pure Scotch blood; descended from the Scotch Lighthouse Engineers, three generations. Himself educated for the family profession.

. . . But the marrow of the family was worked out, and he declined into the man of letters. First appearance in print, 1873; called to the Scotch Bar (which has nothing to do with the English) about 1875. . . . His first volume, 'An Inland Voyage' (which good folk in the States call, for some reason, 'An Inland Boat Voyage'), appeared in 18—. It was the record of a tour made in company with Sir Walter Simpson, to whom the cheap English issue was dedicated. As this dedi-

education has never appeared in the States, there is a piece of news. . . . He is of a prodigious lean and hungry air, inspiring no confidence; wherever he goes the police frown upon him, bankers refuse to cash his drafts, and the innkeeper excludes him. This chequers his career and makes the mildest travel adventures. Mr. S. has known the interior of a gaol."

. . . .

THE COLLEGE FACULTY AND THE COLLEGE TRUSTEES have in the past been rather notoriously given to clashing, the one body with the other, each jealous of its rights and privileges, and not always guiltless of usurping powers not belonging to it. At this commencement season when plans for the approaching academic year are taking form, there are signs of a salutary strengthening of the powers of those who more immediately control the destinies of the college or university. Arbitrary action on the part of trustees has ever aroused resentment in the professors, and a less autocratic method of administration has been desired. Not long ago there was given in these columns an outline of a proposed constitution for the University of Illinois, in which provision was made for faculty participation in the deliberations of trustees, and in general for an increased measure of influence and authority on the part of the faculty in university management. And now there comes from Bryn Mawr report of a reorganization whereby three members of the faculty, chosen by the faculty, are to take part in the councils of the governing board, though without power to vote; and, not less important, any proposed discharge of a member of the teaching body is to be submitted to a committee of the faculty, as also, so far as practicable, any proposed addition to that body. Here, too, the power conferred is only advisory, but it is in the direction of that reform lately urged by the American Association of University Professors in its deliberations on the best means of safeguarding the college or university teacher in his tenure of office. Cornell and Pennsylvania have also taken recent action similar in character to that of Bryn Mawr. Not without its bearing upon all this, one now perceives, has been the recent widely-reported case of Professor Scott Nearing, as also that of Professor Willard C. Fisher.

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DANTE'S DEEPER MEANINGS are obscured to many readers not only by his own vivid word-pictures but also by the efforts of the artist to convey those pictures in a medium appealing directly to the eye of sense. Doré's illustrations are wonderful in their delineation of the awful, their power to evoke shudders; but the careless reader of to-day closes the book with little perception of the spiritual truths thus symbolically interpreted from the poet's pages. As the late Charles Joseph Little says in a recent volume of essays noticed on another page, "Dante has suffered much from illustration. What most readers know is not the poem, but the pictures between the leaves. They forget that to the poet hell was allegory and truth the reality. His pictures were a transient vision, but

the justice of God was an eternal fact. . . . Because his vivid vision lends itself so readily to the artist's pencil we sometimes forget, if we ever knew it, that the power of him lies not so much in what he depicts, wonderful as that is, as in that which he suggests." Milton's words, "Whither I go is Hell, myself am Hell," are quoted by the writer, who might have added FitzGerald's brief summing-up of the whole matter, "I myself am Heaven and Hell." A certain wise parent once said to his little boy who was crying at being left alone in the dark: "My son, there is nobody there to frighten you but yourself; and in all your life you will never meet with anyone or anything to cause you fear but that same self of yours."

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THE EFFECT OF ITERATION, whether for good or ill, was well understood by Falstaff when he exclaimed to Prince Henry: "O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me Hal; God forgive thee for it!" Not pausing here to enjoy the humor of this speech, we pass to another and very different example of iteration. The Grand Rapids Public Library "Bulletin" prints and reprints sundry pieces of good advice to its readers, urging them, among other things, to ask for what they don't see, to take books on their summer vacation, to keep on learning, etc. Here is a good and characteristic paragraph headed "Tell Your Neighbor": "The Library goes into more homes of Grand Rapids than any other municipal department, except the city water works; and of all other institutions only the gas company and one newspaper surpass it in the number of homes entered. It wants to go into every home. As a user of the Library tell your neighbor who is not using it how he can do so to his advantage. It is a neighborly act to tell your neighbor of something that is worth while; or better still bring him to the Library and help him get acquainted." No artful advertiser better knows the value of keeping everlastingly at it in iteration and reiteration than does Librarian Ranek of Grand Rapids.

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THE SLACKENED STREAM OF ENGLISH NOVELS serves to remind the novel-reader, incidentally, that English energies are in these days largely turned in other directions than imaginative literature, or literature of any sort. The London literary correspondent of the Boston "Transcript" touches upon this point in a recent reference to present-day novel-writers of England. "It was always a grievance of theirs," he says, "in the pre-war era, that the enormous over-production in the publishing trade had, of late, made the novel almost as ephemeral as the monthly magazine. In three months its sales were over and its life ended, for then the avalanche of a new season descended and snowed it under. Now that they limit their issue, the publishers are not in such a hurry to kill them off and make way for a swarm of successors; and if novels live longer their authors get more from them in the way of royalties, and so are not under the necessity of writing so many. It

certainly is a heart-breaking business for a man to spend the better part of a year in building up a book that the critics and the public have all done with in a month or two." Some novels, not always the very best, escape this fate of speedy oblivion; perhaps now, under changed conditions, more will escape it and, among the reigning favorites in the realm of romance, an Amurath will less speedily succeed an Amurath.

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BOOKS THUMBED BY WASHINGTON, some of them very much thumbed, are among the choicest possessions of the Boston Athenæum, famous repository of literary treasures and in celebrity second only to the Philadelphia Library (Franklin's library) among the subscription libraries of America. A small bookcase, four feet by five, or some such modest dimensions, shut off from the profane and the idly curious by being enclosed in the sacred precincts of the trustees' room, contains a few dozen works supposed to have been most frequently read or consulted by the father of our country. Dumpy little volumes on the military science of that time stand side by side with equally primitive treatises on agriculture, works on politics, Arthur Young's travels, James Rumsey's "Plea for the Power of Steam" (1788), and a considerable collection of pamphlets — the favorite form of publication adopted by the ambitious author burning with zeal to convert to his views as many as possible of his erring fellow-mortals. Visitors to Mt. Vernon who inspect with lively interest the array of old authors there on view are in only occasional instances aware that some of the most read and most prized volumes of that library have long been sheltered beneath a roof hundreds of miles distant from the Potomac.

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CARD-CATALOGUING AN ARMY of the size with which we are now, after a gasp of amazement, becoming familiar must be such a task as only the imperative necessities of war could have induced any nation to undertake. Mention has already been made here of the vast German catalogue of war prisoners in Teutonic custody. More stupendous still is the system whereby the soldiers of France are, each and all, followed as far as possible in the uncertain destinies that overtake them. A large hall in the municipal building of Lyons is given over to card-catalogue uses, and a special department called the "Bureau de Recherches des Militaires Disparus" has been created to operate this immense and difficult system for tracing the fate of any missing soldier at any time. By means of this device, borrowed, or appropriated, from the library profession, the eager inquiries of anxious friends and relatives concerning those who have disappeared in the whirlpool of armed strife have, in more than one-fifth of these instances, been authoritatively answered. The unanswered questions remain pathetically in the majority (of about four to one), but the measure of success attained by the cataloguers is considerable when one bears in mind the tremendous obstacles to success in any

such investigation. And not merely information, but also substantial relief and timely cheer to the imprisoned have been made possible, as also the rescue of many a victim of reprisal through devices known to those expert in such matters. It was a Frenchman who first invented the card-catalogue, and it is fitting that the French should now profit, in however unexpected a manner, from that invention.

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JAPAN'S BOOK-IMPORTATIONS have suffered some derangement from the all-pervading effects of the war. The Japan "Times" reports that whereas formerly one-quarter of these importations came from Germany, forty per cent from England, twenty-three per cent from America, and the remainder from France and other countries, now the German importations have entirely ceased, with a corresponding increase in English, French, and Russian imported literature. The languages and literatures of France and Russia are being studied more than before, the Tokyo School of Foreign Languages showing this tendency in a marked degree. But side by side with the increased reading of great French and Russian and English authors there goes a not unnatural demand for treatises on the making of dye-stuffs and medicines, on commerce and various industries, on war and on economics. Also works on Mongolia and Manchuria are sought — a fact not without significance, perhaps portentous significance. The thought and temper of the Far East, no less than of the rest of the so-called civilized world, are being remarkably if not alarmingly modified by current events.

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A PERIODICAL OBSESSION, in a peculiar sense of the phrase, must have been noted by many a random reader in these days. One can hardly take up any one of the leading magazines and reviews without finding a considerable proportion of its space devoted to war articles and to articles that, though not directly concerned with the war, are on subjects more or less closely related to it. This "featuring" of the great conflict that is rarely quite absent from our minds is to be expected in the daily press. Its partial monopoly of less sensational publications is more remarkable. Among the more serious monthly and quarterly current periodicals, a hasty examination of eight — five American and three English — reveals the fact that not far from one-half their contents has to do with the war; that is, of the ninety-five articles filling their pages, forty-three are war articles. Thirty-eight are expressly such, five less exclusively devoted to the subject. One English monthly has eleven war articles out of a total of fourteen, and another has nine out of fourteen. Naturally the magazines of the belligerent countries give more space to the dominant theme than do those of neutral countries, though our own periodical literature is strongly enough tinted with war. A query, futile and foolish enough, arises as to what imperishable literature might under less deplorable conditions have filled all those pages now showing only the panoply of war.

DECLINE IN THE AMERICAN BOOK-TRADE FOR 1915 was among the expected results of the war. Some of the details of that decline, as set forth by Mr. Fred E. Woodward in "The Bookman," are significant. Though books by American authors show a much larger numerical decrease than those by foreign authors (1,631 and 645 respectively), the relative decrease is about the same. Yet why should there have been in this country, peaceful and prosperous as it is, any decrease approaching that necessitated by obvious causes in most of Europe? Law books fell off more than works in any other department, and this may be a sign of the lawlessness of the times. Poetry and drama declined from 902 to 741; fiction from 1,053 to 919. History, commerce, and domestic economy show gains, for reasons readily conjecturable. These same subjects, with geography, agriculture, and the fine arts, enjoyed an increase in England also. Totals for the two years exhibit a general decrease in our book-trade from 12,010 in 1914 to 9,734 in 1915. If this falling-off were attributable to a less lamentable cause, it might be matter for felicitation, and one might at least try to believe that what was lost in quantity was gained in quality.

...

SUPPLEMENTARY LIBRARY SUPPORT, or aid rendered to free libraries by individuals or associations to eke out the not too lavish appropriations from the public funds, is always sure to be most heartily appreciated. As has already been noted in these columns, such assistance often enables the library to give valuable service outside the ordinary and expected routine. It may open the way to fruitful experiment, give scope to the librarian's initiative and originality, and, though not free from liability to abuse, must on the whole bring far more of gain than of loss to the institution thus relieved of the harassing anxiety as to how both ends are to be made to meet. The Providence Public Library, as its librarian's current Report announces, receives every year substantial aid from an association known as the Children's Library Helpers, which in 1915 contributed more than thirteen hundred dollars to the library's income. The giving of concerts seems to be the favorite and most successful expedient resorted to by these volunteer helpers, and mention is made of a single musical entertainment that yielded a net return of \$693.13, which was handed over to the library. All this activity is in pleasing contrast with the more usual passive acquiescence in such measure of municipal support as the city fathers choose to sanction—an acquiescence often enough not without protest, but going no further.

...

A PROPOSED BOOK-COLLECTION OF UNUSUAL CHARACTER has aroused considerable interest of late in the library world. President James of the University of Illinois wishes the new library building planned for that institution to contain, besides the literature bearing more or less directly on the work of the university, a comprehensive collection of books, manuscripts, pictures, and other like matter,

illustrating the life and history of those races and nations that have contributed to the building up of the United States. Many peoples and languages will be represented, as, to name some of the more important, the English, Scandinavian, German, French, Italian, Hungarian, Russian, Finnish, Armenian, Turkish, Bohemian, Polish, Spanish, and Greek. If such a collection at first seems to emphasize the hyphenated quality of our conglomerate population, the very multitude of these alien but rapidly assimilating elements will demonstrate the absurdity and the impossibility of retaining the hyphen.

COMMUNICATIONS.

GRANT WHITE'S SHAKESPEARE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is probably not an act of violence to seize upon the Shakespeare tercentenary as an opportunity to retrieve something of the reputation of a misrepresented, and therefore misjudged, editor of Shakespeare. Richard Grant White's edition of Shakespeare has always received a sort of commendation from the American reading public, but professional scholars have almost consistently referred to it as an edition of very unequal merits; and from this uncertainty, and in some degree collision, of judgments, has developed a fairly general opinion that Grant White possessed in combination with some actual editorial discrimination a peculiarly unsafe critical temper and a reckless penchant for emendation. It is a generally unappreciated but very significant fact that this rather vaguely defined view of White's merits has grown up in connection with some gross errors as to certain fundamental facts concerning his edition of Shakespeare. The bearing of these errors upon his reputation as a scholar should therefore, in justice to him, be carefully considered.

The domain of literary scholarship which ought to be exactly scientific is bibliography; and yet strangely enough, it is the bibliography of White which has obscured critical judgment of his capacities as an editor—simply because bibliographical records of general repute have, where they have touched White, prolonged and elaborated a series of surprising inaccuracies.

The initial error in this series is Henry G. Bohn's entry of White's Shakespeare in his re-edition of Lowndes's "Bibliographers' Manual," published in 1860. Bohn entered White's edition as completed in twelve volumes, although only seven volumes had at that time appeared, only four of these in all probability having come out before Bohn's copy was sent to press. It is this false record which is probably the source of the current impression that White issued two distinct editions, one completed in 1860, and the other in 1866 (when the last volume of the single edition did actually appear). The error is repeated in the bibliography attached to Professor Saintsbury's article in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," and imported from that into the recent "Facts about Shakespeare." The latter volume magnifies the

error by accusing White of "puzzling openness to conviction in successive changes of opinion." This accusation may be applied to White's retraction of many of the critical judgments in his "Shakespeare's Scholar," but it has no basis in connection with his edition of Shakespeare, since there was at the time but the one edition. The earlier volumes were re-issued before the later volumes appeared, but they were printed from the original stereotyped plates.

Bohn is responsible—though not solely responsible, however—for the currency of another false record which has done much more to injure White's distinction as a scholar. In a note to the entry just cited he says: "This edition includes 117 emendations from J. P. Collier's corrected folio of 1632." This statement, which is much exaggerated, is still given life in such important bibliographical records as Mr. Saintsbury's in the "Cambridge History" and Mr. Jaggard's. Upon this point White has suffered a real injustice, for the record itself not merely is wrong, but it places White's position in the Collier controversy in a false light. What, then, are the facts?

To begin with, it is readily seen that Bohn's reference to White's edition as complete in 1860 is simply an example of reckless bibliography: Bohn evidently had not seen the edition. Needless to say, therefore, his memorandum that the edition contained 117 emendations from Collier's 1632 folio was based upon second-hand information. The probable source of this error may be found in "The Athenæum" for July 4, 1857, where, in an announcement of White's forthcoming edition, it was said: "It will include at least the 117 emendations which an eminent American critic has declared must inevitably be included in the text of every impression of Shakespeare's plays hereafter to be published in any quarter of the world." It may be recalled that it was "The Athenæum" which stood sponsor for Collier in his controversies over the Perkins folio; and this fact may explain why the notice distorted entirely the actual views of the eminent American critic—who was Grant White himself—with regard to these emendations. What White had really said, in one of his early articles upon Collier's "Notes and Emendations" ("Putnam's Monthly," October, 1853), was that out of the 1303 emendations which Collier brought forward, 1054 were peculiar to the anonymous corrector. Of these he utterly rejected 818, and of the remaining 236 he regarded 119 as "inadmissible, though plausible." There were 117 left which seemed, as White put it, "to be admissible corrections of passages which need correction. We again say 'seem to be,' for this number must inevitably be much reduced upon the discussion of the merits of the readings among the best Shakespearean critics,"—and he constantly emphasized the purely tentative nature of his judgment upon this point. In a later article, in "The North American Review," he said: "Further investigation has discovered to us that many of these 117 seemingly acceptable changes are not peculiar to the MS corrector, and also convinced us that only about seventy-five of them have claims to a place in the text."

When, however, the first four volumes (the comedies) of White's edition appeared, in 1857, "The Athenæum" reviewer (November 13, 1858) stated that White had "availed himself of emendations in the much-belied folio of 1632 in considerably more than a hundred instances: therefore when Mr. White's edition is completed, he will have had to make important use of the same source of improvement in not fewer than three hundred places." White replied to this serious misstatement in a letter printed in "The Athenæum" January 8, 1859, stating that he had used the readings in question in only twenty-eight instances. Either he miscounted, or his letter was misprinted; for although the first three volumes include only twenty-eight of the emendations under dispute, the four volumes reviewed contain in fact thirty-eight. Bohn's entry, however, is evidently based upon the violent misquotation in "The Athenæum" notice and the absurd exaggeration in the review. White's explanatory letter did not save him.

Further light upon White's actual attitude in the Collier controversy will show how guiltless he is of the accusation, or even the implication, of using Collier's emendations without discretion. From the beginning of the controversy, White took an impregnable critical position. He did not know—for only Singer had dared to assert it then—that the corrections were counterfeit; yet he used only one in sixteen of the corrections in Collier's volume. And these, it must be pointed out, he accepted simply and solely upon their merits as emendations. As a result he was criticized by his reviewers (including Lowell, Whipple, and the "Athenæum" reviewer) for the conservatism which induced him to scrutinize the Perkins folio so cautiously. When, however, Madden's and Maskelyne's investigations revealed the spurious nature of the Collier corrections, White's position was undisturbed, for he had always refused to admit their authority, even granting their antiquity—which was the matter of dispute. The number of Collier emendations in the later volumes of White's Shakespeare, which were published after the exposure, was therefore not very much less, proportionately, than in the earlier volumes. In all, he used seventy-three textual emendations from this source.

It is an easy thing to-day to condemn White for using even this number. The fact remains, however, that he accepted them intelligently, and that in by far the greater part they represent rather obvious improvements, and improvements which create no unwarranted changes in the sense of passages. We can judge little of the real merits of these corrections by considering whether or not they have been absorbed in the best editions of the present day; for it must be clear that when Collier was discovered to have been a fabricator of evidence, even the most scholarly and sane of his emendations lost not merely their importance but their repute. These emendations are not only not generally acknowledged to-day, but they practically cannot be used; and the sense of this fact is likely to prejudice our view of White's judgment.

There can be little doubt that the accumulation of faulty records and faulty deductions has had much to do with the slight opinion in which White's

work is now apparently held, and is still providing a foundation for perennial error. An interesting instance of this accretion of error is found in Mr. Jaggard's "Bibliography of Shakespeare," in which for the first time White is credited with the editing of an eclectic edition of Shakespeare published by Martin, Johnson and Company, of New York, in 1854-6. This ascription is unsupported by any evidence whatever, and is apparently a variation of Bohn's faulty record. The edition in question alludes in the preface of the first volume to a "competent Shakespearian scholar" who had undertaken the editorial work; but the fact that this scholar revealed almost no personal reaction to textual problems makes it extremely unlikely that he can be identified with White, for White was at this very time exhibiting in his critical writings a pretty lively interest in the business of emendation.

As to the general value of White's editorial work, the last word has certainly not been said. What has been deprecated most generally of late is his willingness to emend; and it must be admitted that two hundred emendations (the actual number of White's own contributions) is assuredly a large number for any editor to accept responsibility for. Yet the question at issue is not one of number, but of critical quality. On this point it is possible only to compare opinions. Lowell, a very competent judge of scholarship, considered that White's edition was "for substance, scope, and aim, the best hitherto published"; and although he found White careless in respect to some of the obvious duties of the editor, and over-venturesome in some of the less developed fields of critical study, he thought that his policy in emendation was actually too conservative. Miss Jane Sherzer, in an illuminating bibliographical study of American editions of Shakespeare ("Modern Language Publications," 1907), while admitting the general superiority of this edition to the American editions which preceded it, believes with regard to its text that "many of the changes are unnecessary, and some of them, to say the least, no improvement. . . . On the other hand, most of the emendations are made sanely, wild guesses are avoided, and there is an effort, even if not always successful, to be conservative, i.e., to follow, whenever possible, the first folio or the best quartos." Professor Trent, who has collaborated in the revision of White's edition, thinks his emendations on the whole rational and often brilliant, and regards White as having been exceptionally endowed for the larger requirements of his task.

The most approved editing of the present day is calculated for the meridian of pure scholarship, and contemporary scholars are ultra-conservative. The history of textual scholarship has shown, however, that questions of text are discussed and re-discussed; so some good scholar of a century hence may yet say as fair a word for Richard Grant White as the late Churton Collins said for the once-abused Theobald, who turned much nonsense into sense and made many lame lines walk.

H. R. STEEVES.

Columbia University, New York,
June 12, 1916.

"SPOON RIVER" ONCE MORE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Throughout his letter in your issue of May 11, Mr. Irwin professes a high respect for the scientist and his work. Yet in speaking of "reflecting life," he first declares that "this much and no more psychology and the social sciences do"; and then, a few lines later, "The poorest drunkard in his 'last delirium' can do that,"—that is, reflect life. Frankly, I find it difficult to ascertain where Mr. Irwin stands.

Furthermore, when I came upon the sentence, "Truly, literature has partially failed when it does not turn all of life, the lights and shadows, the good and the evil, to account," I leapt to the rash conclusion that there could be no disagreement between us on the essential point of my last communication. I read on, and was bewildered by this outburst: "By all means let us have careful and scientific investigation of the facts of life, but let not the fire-breathing iconoclast throw the dirty stuff in our faces and bid us call it poetry." The result is that though I am tempted at times on the basis of some things Mr. Irwin has said to think that we agree on our critical principles, yet on the whole I am driven to believe that there is a fundamental difference.

That difference I take to lie in the phrase, "truth of poetry." Now I for one feel that the truth which has its basis in facts is not only the highest truth but the only truth. The idea which is true for science is true also for art. If I approve a sociological treatise which finds that the conditions of life for thousands of infants are in the last degree painful and unhealthy, I cannot as a sane man hail unreservedly the "poetic truth" that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." If I look about me in the cold, unimpassioned spirit of science and observe that the "dance of plastic circumstance" is moulding many human beings into ghastly distortions, I am reluctant to hug to my bosom as a "poetic truth" the notion that the play of circumstance is a "Machinery just meant To give thy Soul its bent, Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed."

The word "truth" denotes a correspondence between idea and reality. "Poetic truth" seems to denote a correspondence, not between idea and reality, but between idea and desire. I do not challenge for a moment the right of poetry "to build a shadowy isle of bliss, Midmost the beating of the steely sea" of reality. I have a considerable appetite for such poetry, and indulge this appetite with avidity and without scruple. Yet I cannot call such poetry truth. It seems to me no more worthy of the name than a boy's boast that his father has a billion dollars in the bank,—a statement which, like "poetic truth," corresponds rather to desire than to reality.

Let me not be misunderstood. My protest is lodged solely against those poets and critics who demand of all literature such a manipulation of life as will assort with their a priori theories, and will leave them in much the same mood as a bottle of Burgundy. I consider that their attempts to dignify such manipulations as "poetic truth" or

as a "higher synthesis" are misleading. I consider that to offer these manipulations to the young as faithful reflections of life, plus something better, is highly pernicious inasmuch as the young are led to believe that here is at least a faithful reflection of life. I consider "Spoon River" a ringing challenge to the unreality, the hectic idealism, of much that passes for classical literature.

Mr. Irwin concludes: "As science 'Spoon River' needs no apologia; as poetry, it needs some chloride of lime." While I believe the inferences one might draw from "Spoon River" would closely resemble the inferences drawn from a sociological survey, yet I doubt whether "Spoon River" has ever been considered as a textbook in sociology. I doubt, then, the first half of that sentence. I utterly deny the second half. The implication of this and of many other references to the book is that it is nothing but a reeking dung-heap. The only passages that seem to have left any impression upon Mr. Irwin are those which refer to the uglier phases of the sex impulse. Mr. Masters's treatment of these phases I welcome on grounds already stated, along with his treatment of other sinister and subterranean things which owe their flourishing condition in part to the fact that people will not look at them. If Mr. Irwin wishes to classify himself with those tender intelligences whom we should not introduce into brothels and bedchambers, let him bowdlerize "Spoon River," along with Chaucer, Shakespeare, the King James Bible, and several other reputable works. But I think he will find that after this is done, about nine-tenths of the book will still remain.

R. S. LOOMIS.

Urbana, Ill., June 10, 1916.

[We cannot devote further space to this discussion.—EDITOR.]

THE PASSING OF POE'S ENGLISH BIOGRAPHER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Students and admirers of Edgar Allan Poe will be sorry to learn of the death of his English biographer, John H. Ingram, which occurred in February last, at Brighton, England. The event was entirely unheralded in the English journals, due probably to the war.

Ingram was a writer of more than ordinary ability. He translated a number of volumes, and contributed reviews to leading papers in England, France, and America. His latest work was on "Marlow and his Poetry." He had also written biographies of Chatterton, Mrs. Browning, and others. But he was best known as the English editor and biographer of Poe. He began his work on Poe as early as 1874, and his more important edition appeared in 1880. He had an early and full correspondence with Poe's "Annie" (Mrs. Richmond), Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Shew, Mrs. Whitman, and other Poe contemporaries. He was the first biographer to publish and draw special attention to Poe's important correspondence with his women friends.

Ingram obtained many prized original Poe manuscripts, most if not all of which he parted with years ago. He retained copies, however, and it is reported that his remaining treasures will come to America to be sold at auction. While the sale may prove most interesting to Poe students, I fear there will be little to tempt the collector of original Poe manuscripts. Ingram's other literary effects will be sold in London.

I had a friendly correspondence with Ingram, extending through many years. He was rather jealous of his reputation as Poe's biographer, and showed some inclination toward quarrelsomeness. Of late years he had lost much, if not all, his earlier knack for finding new Poe material, but wrote his numerous correspondents about a final revision of his life of Poe. A correspondent states that Ingram recently advised him that the new Poe biography was completed. As he had written me from year to year that this Poe volume was about complete, I naturally have some misgivings concerning the work. Further, I do not believe that he had any new information of his own that would materially alter his previous publications relating to Poe, although many new facts have been discovered and published by American writers which necessitate a revision of certain epochs in Poe's life.

Ingram did have, and likely has retained, most of his correspondence with Poe's women friends, which may throw additional interesting side-lights on Poe's romances, especially with "Annie" and Mrs. Whitman.

J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond, Va., June 12, 1916.

POETICAL PRESCIENCE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is of course a common experience, especially with readers of Shakespeare, that the most familiar passage will at times take on a quite fresh and novel significance. A case in point may be of interest. Recently in reading Francis Thompson's magnificent "Anthem of Earth," the following lines came upon me with a startling power and a meaning I had not previously divined:

Tarry awhile, lean Earth, for thou shalt drink,
Even till thy dull throat sicken,
The draught thou grow'st most fat on; hear'st
thou not
The world's knives bickering in their sheaths?
O patience!
Much offal of a foul world comes thy way,
And man's superfluous cloud shall soon be laid
In a little blood.

Does this not deserve to rank as another instance of that poetical prescience of which Shelley's forecast of his own fate in "Adonais" is the classical example? Thompson's lines make, I think, a fitting climax to the mounting trilogy of doom composed, besides his own, of Shelley's final stanzas on Keats and of Mrs. Meynell's lines on the launching of the "Titanic." Certainly these lines seem as near an approach to absolute vision as those famous prophecies.

JOHN BUNKER.

Cincinnati, O., June 15, 1916.

The New Books.

AN ARISTOCRATIC VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.*

In the fine essay on "Justice" which is the heart of Mr. Paul Elmer More's new volume, there are many eloquent passages that reveal both the author's clarity of vision and his weakness. He defines an individual's justice in terms which the student of ethics would find a little dangerous, since Mr. More's distinction between pleasure and happiness might lend some sanction to the hedonist for plausible misinterpretation. But Mr. More's whole book is a noble damnation of hedonism. And the trained student of ethics would readily understand the spacious purposes which Mr. More champions.

No, we have another motive to justice besides the calculation of pleasures or the force of public opinion, a law of reward and punishment that does not follow afar off on limping feet, but is ever at the side of the man when he acts, rather is within him, is his very self. The just man may be, and often is, torn by the conflict between the knowledge that he is satisfying the demands of his reason and the feeling of pain that arises from the suppression of certain desires, but the soul of the just man is nevertheless one soul, not two souls, however it may be divided against itself; and besides the feelings of pleasure and pain that trouble one of its members, he has another feeling, greater and more intimate, that belongs to his soul as a unit. This is the feeling of happiness, which is not the same as pleasure, and may exist in the absence of pleasure, and despite the presence of pain; and opposed to it is the feeling of misery, which is not the same as pain, and may exist in the absence of pain, and despite the presence of pleasure. It is not easy to explain these things, it may be impossible to analyse them satisfactorily; but we know that they are so. History is replete with illustrations of this strange fact, and he who weighs his own experience honestly will find it there also, that a man conscious of doing what he believes is right, may be lifted up into a supreme happiness, against which the infliction of pain, though it be torture to the death, is as nothing. And so a man may enjoy all the pleasures that this world can give, yet suffer a misery for which the only relief is madness. Philosophy and history together have given a peculiar fame to the letter sent by Tiberius to the Roman Senate from the luxuries of Capri: "May the gods and goddesses bring me to perish more miserably than I daily feel myself to be perishing, if I know what to write to you, Senators, or how to write, or what indeed not to write at this time." . . . A great English artist who painted the portrait of one of the older generation of our railway financiers, whose name has become also a synonym for the reckless abuse of power, is said to have observed that the face of his sitter was the most miserable he had ever seen. Only the heart of the unjust man knoweth its own bitterness. And, in like manner, every just man shall know that happiness is not a balance of pleasure against pain, but a feeling different in kind from pleasure. Happiness is a state of the whole

soul, embracing both the faculties of reason, on the one hand, and of the desires, with the feelings of pleasure and pain, on the other hand; or, one might say, it is the state of some superior element of the soul, which finds its good in the harmonious action of those faculties.

This is indeed a conception of stern freedom that has much in common with the only freedom worthy the name,—a freedom which has been taught with more poetic rapture by Plato, more rigoristically and formally by Kant, with a more ardent passion for edification by Fichte, with a more rarified sublimity by Hegel, but always by all fine spirits adding new treasures to the blessed and to those who long ardently to be blessed. Nevertheless, as a reactionary aristocrat, Mr. More has at heart a tinge of that kind of individualism which all philosophical idealists regard with some suspicion. He dwells much on the revelations which come to the individual when he retires within himself. But some sort of parasitism, however lofty, is always a pitfall for the man who indulges too often the highly important practice of retiring within himself and attaining to an ineffable mood, however rarified it be. Therefore we cannot be surprised to find Mr. More, when he comes to define justice, advocating the imposition of good traditions on an ignorant populace (the long-distance exhortation of the high-born hermit to a congregation which he is inclined to keep remote and therefore cannot know). To be sure, we are told, with a brevity which seems almost grudging, towards the close of the essay on "Justice," that the moralist may do good work, since "there is in every heart a spark of reason and gleam of that self-knowledge which is happiness." I am not in favor of self-sensualizing benevolence or the sympathy which blurs all standards with facile tears. But I hold that when Mr. More contemplates men at large there steals into his thoughts a tinge of that fatalism which has always proved the ultimate ruin of aristocracies, political, religious, and artistic, wherever they have been conceived in the thought of feudal king, inflexible priest, or renaissance commentator on Aristotelian canons of art. Mr. More's hope of social unity wanes as he contemplates the conflicting wills of the larger self of the community,—as if the conflicting wills in the individual were not quite as real and discouraging. And when he examines the case for an international self, a universal humanity with its warring wills less crude in their inevitable outbursts, his angry disbelief bursts forth again and again. His words become, after all, but a refined academic version of the familiar sophism, "You can't change human nature."

* ARISTOCRACY AND JUSTICE. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

I cannot subscribe too hearty allegiance to Mr. More's exhortation to "reconsider those ideas of justice and discipline and true government which we have so lightly thrust aside for flattering liberties of the self-styled New Morality." But we who have been glad again and again to hail Mr. More as a master now watch with growing concern and sorrow what seems to us to be a steady *crecendo* of bitterness in his later volumes, that bitterness which isolates and warps the noble mind. For my part, as I reread those rich essays on "Criticism" and "Victorian Literature" in the seventh volume of "Shelburne Essays," and compare them with the stubborn anger of the last two volumes, I cannot but wonder if Mr. More is not shutting himself with too much truculence from the hopes of society to-day. Whatever may be said for the value of the hermit's life in ages past, these are not the days for a St. Simeon Stylites.

Of humanitarianism, feminism, socialism, equalitarianism, pacifism, and all the other "sentimental isms" against which Mr. More inveighs so fiercely, there are many kinds. Feminists, for instance, may be merely those worthless people who distinguish themselves as "Bohemians." They may be men and women who, when they use that vague phrase, "the single standard of morality," mean the single and inarticulate standard of anarchy. They are too generally those women and their sentimental male champions or exploiters who execrate all duty and talk loudly about liberty without ever asking the question, "What is liberty?" And yet one does not need to be such as these to believe with Ibsen that "the social revolution which is impending in Europe is chiefly concerned with the workers and the women," and with Karl Pearson that the two great, "perhaps greatest," problems of modern social life are "the problem of women and the problem of labor." The danger of Mr. More's attitude is that he is likely to stone the prophets along with the gaping populace. There is not wanting a fair number of sensible men and women, with whom Mr. More could hardly be at serious odds, who would define feminism soberly enough as that social aspiration which maintains that many of the *so-called* differences between men and women are not essential; that the actual differences should be more frankly and intelligently studied and stated; that many injustices and misunderstandings and false divisions of labor for which both sexes are responsible may be remedied rationally without license, hatred, or scorn on either side.

The dreams of equalitarianism, which began to assume the proportions of plausible

phantoms in the English-speaking world soon after Dr. Price delivered the famous sermon which aroused the leonine wrath of Burke,—the dreams which fired the London Corresponding Society and stirred up the hysterical reaction and oppression of the followers of Pitt, the dreams which glowed sombrely on in the half-disillusioned pages of Godwin, which flamed out of sight in the benevolent anarchy of Shelley, the dreams which inspired the noble but half absurd cry of "Liberty, equality, fraternity" and which have inspired our American children to lisp the fallacy that "all men *are* [instead of *can be*] created free and equal,"—these are indeed dreams, dreams for which men became martyrs and knights errant, dreams which the world will never forget, but which the world should now regard with something like Mr. More's healthy scepticism, though without his bitterness. Biology alone proves that all men are not created free and equal,—at least, according to the current interpretation of the words. The Industrial Revolution in England and the mad prodigality of Jacksonian and of later days in America have made such hopes seem more primitively remote in the field of economics than the days of the sabretoothed tiger. Religious deism, philosophical pragmatism, political equalitarianism, economic *laissez-faire*, and literary impressionism have so freely wanted it that the world cries hold. But are there, then, no values to be inherited from all this fine frenzy? There is at least this negative residuum,—a spirit of protest against the blind increase of unnecessary inequality. Let us be disillusioned, if you will, out of even a remote hope for a state of equality. Let us even choose to look with horror at an unpicturesque world of men created equal. We may certainly join Mr. More heartily in his protest against that sentimental equalitarianism which would attain its end like Spenser's giant,—

Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowly plaine:
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And as they were, them equalize againe.

But Mr. More's hatred of the sentimental levellers dulls the horror which should move him in the midst of the unspeakable maldistribution of to-day. One may hate and defy such conditions without becoming an I. W. W. (if, like Mr. More and myself, one belong to the comfortable middle class), or without becoming a reformer whose real aim is to inflate his own egoism; or one may be defiant without becoming a self-styled progressive who cries, "For God's sake let's *do* some-

thing!" Mr. More can put the case judiciously when he cares to:

When Solon was chosen to reform the Athenian Constitution, a current saying of his, that "equality breeds no war," flattered the turbulent populace into acquiescence because they took the word "equality" in its absolute sense. Whereas in reality Solon was thinking of fair proportion, and on this principle reduced the oppression of the rich, while refusing to the poor an equalitarian Constitution. He saw, as we must see to-day, that the ideal of absolute equality is not only impossible in practice, but is contrary to our sense of justice.

But the fine scorn which Mr. More pours on demagogue-reformers and restless poor is not balanced by an equal *sava indignatio* against the predatory captain of industry and the standards of inequality which identify the rich and the best. It is to be feared that many a Gryll of modern business, if accident guided him stumbling through such a "high-brow" book as this, would commemorate with his friends the discovery of their Bible with all the enthusiasm of a witches' sabbath. And though this predatory Gryll would grossly misinterpret a distinguished and noble book, he would not caricature it much more than Mr. More caricatures those modern movements which he recklessly bundles together as "sentimental isms." Mr. More forgets himself too often, and paints the world too simply in radical black and conservative white. It was not thus that Immanuel Kant, in the face of two warring arrays of thought, set to work to build up a criticism which would reconcile pedantic rationalist and bankrupt empiricist. Mr. More's criticism is not that of reconciliation,—the stern reconciliation which makes its synthesis of the best in two opposites by means of a *katharsis* of both. His is the method of the golden mean,—a view which has had in it always, from the days of Aristotle, too much of scorn, too little of open-mindedness, a view which fights an unselective sympathy with a too selective *hauteur*.

Among Mr. More's other "sentimental isms," humanitarianism is almost a generic term covering the rest. But we may group under this head his attack on "The New Morality," and his scarification of our undisciplined education, together with his defence of discipline ("Academic Leadership"). As in his other protests, Mr. More's fundamental principle—that "equality of opportunity is an ideal to be aimed at" but "a small thing in comparison with universality of duty"—is clear-sighted and lofty, commanding our allegiance. He is quite right in noting the unevenness of Miss Jane Addams's work. But when he comes to practical affairs and detailed analysis, the spirit of the reactionary clouds his vision, and his flings at the mistress of

Hull House approach perilously near to libel. His emotions blur his logic, and in attacking her "Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" he blames Miss Addams for supposing that our poverty-stricken youth become law-breakers because of their heavy and premature responsibilities and their lack of amusements. By way of refutation he reminds us that Harry Thaw was also a criminal. Does he mean to imply that because Harry Thaw had little or no restraint all restraints are good? Does he mean to imply that because Thaw had no responsibilities and therefore became a criminal that he who has the responsibilities imposed in a sweat-shop should be expected to preserve his righteousness? Does he suppose that Miss Addams would remove the really fine restraints of life from her wards submerged in the gutter or the factory? Miss Addams does indeed overleap herself at times. But let me remind the reader of her fundamental thesis in "Youth and the City Streets":

A certain number of the outrages upon the spirit of youth may be traced to degenerate or careless parents who totally neglect their responsibilities; a certain other large number of wrongs are due to sordid men and women who deliberately use the legitimate pleasure-seeking of young people as lures into vice. There remains, however, a third very large class of offenses for which the community as a whole must be held responsible if it would escape the condemnation, "Woe unto him by whom offenses come." This class of offenses is traceable to a dense ignorance on the part of the average citizen as to the requirements of youth, and to a persistent blindness on the part of educators as to youth's most obvious needs.

Is this thesis sentimental? And what, apart from the fine but abstract moral dictum already quoted, does Mr. More set up against this point of view by way of actually righting a hideous wrong? He tells a man how to get true enlightenment as follows:

Let him shut out the voices of the world and disregard the stream of informing books which pour upon him from the modern press, as the "flood of poison" was spewed upon Spenser's Knight from "Errours den." . . . Let him retire into himself, and in the silence of such recollection examine his own motives and the sources of his self-approval and discontent. He will discover there in that dialogue with himself, if his abstraction is complete and sincere, that his nature is not simple and single, but dual, and the consequences to him in his judgment of life and in his conduct will be of incalculable importance. He will learn, with a conviction which no science or philosophy falsely so-called can shake, that beside the passions and wandering desires and blind impulses and the cravings for pleasure and the prod of sensations there is something within him and a part of him, rather in some way his truer self, which controls and checks and knows and pronounces judgment, unmoved amid all motion, unchanged amid continual change, of everlasting validity above the shifting valuations of the moment. He may not be able to express this insight in terms

that will satisfy his own reason or will convince others, but if his insight is true he will not waver in loyalty to it, though he may sin against it times without number in spoken word and impulsive deed. Rather, his loyalty will be confirmed by experience. For he will discover that there is a happiness of the soul which is not the same as the pleasure of fulfilled desires, whether these be for good or for ill, a happiness which is not dependent upon the results of this or that choice among our desires, but upon the very act itself of choice and self-control, and which grows with the habit of staying the throng of besetting and conflicting impulses always until the judicial fiat has been pronounced. It is thus that happiness is the final test of morality, bringing with it a sense of responsibility to the supernatural command within the soul of the man himself, as binding as the laws of religion and based on no disputable revelation or outer authority. Such a morality is neither old nor new, and stands above the varying customs of society. It is not determined essentially by the relation of a man to his fellows or by their approval, but by the consciousness of rightness in the man's own breast,—in a word, by character. Its works are temperance, truth, honesty, trustworthiness, fortitude, magnanimity, elevation; and its crown is joy.

This passage is so eloquent and so profoundly suggestive that one dislikes to carp over it. Nevertheless, let me add this anticlimax: Is it quite safe for the censor to defy Miss Addams's emotionalism with such intuitionism, lofty though it be? This "insight" which you and I "may not express,"—what is its basis? Why is it valid? Why should we not choose rather Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as our criterion? I have the warmest sympathy for the mysticism of Mr. More, but I object when he brings mysticism into the field of polemics against Miss Addams or any other exponent of "the New Morality." And I remind the reader of my earlier warning—that mysticism, in such situations, invites the perils of parasitism.

Again, in matters educational, Mr. More pleads for sound principles:

A manifest condition is that education should embrace the means of discipline, for without discipline the mind will remain inefficient just as surely as the muscles of the body, without exercise, will be left flaccid.

But, on the whole, Mr. More is too optimistic about the teaching of English Literature in its present senile state.

You may, for instance, if by extraordinary luck you get the perfect teacher, make English Literature disciplinary by the hard manipulation of ideas; but in practice it almost invariably happens that a course in English Literature degenerates into the dull memorizing of dates and names or, rising into the *O Altitude*, evaporates into romantic gush over beautiful passages.

I doubt whether our generation will live to see the teaching of English Literature raised above the standards which Mr. More so justly condemns, to the dignity of a disciplinary

subject. He has a conclusive answer to a prevalent utilitarian sophistry:

The disagreement in this matter would no doubt be less, were it not for an ambiguity in the meaning of the word "efficient" itself. There is a kind of efficiency in managing men, and there is also an intellectual efficiency, properly speaking, which is quite a different faculty. The former is more likely to be found in the successful engineer or business man than in the scholar of secluded habits, and because often such men of affairs received no discipline at college in the classics the argument runs that utilitarian studies are as disciplinary as the humanistic. But efficiency of this kind is not an academic product at all, and is commonly developed, and should be developed, in the school of the world. It comes from dealing with men in matters of large physical moment, and may exist in a mind utterly undisciplined in the stricter sense of the word. We have had more than one illustrious example in recent years of men capable of dominating their fellows, let us say in financial transactions, who yet, in the grasp of first principles and in the analysis of consequences, have shown themselves to be as inefficient as children.

But the reactionary attitude eternally recurs. Though he realizes that teachers themselves have debauched the value of Greek and Latin classics by using them as a basis for the "dry rot of philology," Mr. More must nevertheless right about face and march us back to the good old days when the classics were required as the spine of college education. I have already seconded his plea for discipline. But we must remember that "influence," as Newman calls the opposite of discipline, has made real strides under the guidance of a Rousseau, a Froebel, a Charles William Eliot. It is not so much that we have too much influence as that we have a twentieth century influence coupled with occasional spasmodic and moribund revivals of an ancient discipline tainted with suspicion and revenge,—discipline that alphabetizes seats and pupils, discipline that calls upon the teacher to be a special dispensing Providence, discipline which sucks away the wills of students and makes them automatons, discipline which has so mishandled the ancient classics that they must lie fallow while their loving guardians plan new ways of fitting them into a curriculum which has necessarily grown far more complex. Of course we have but very little of this feudal discipline which lags so far behind influence in development. It is, however, about the only kind we have when we have any. The problem is not so much to inhibit influence which has so richly developed but to wed it to a twentieth century discipline,—a discipline that will be modern in the best sense, that is to say, compounded of eternally valid principles of men like Plato, yet set forth in symbols and practices intelligible to students to-day and related intimately to the dilemmas of contemporary life. Since the

teachers of the classics have devastated their own subjects much more than the utilitarian public, it will not do to advocate a renaissance till we have teachers who possess the genius to present and reinterpret the majestic ancients to a young and wilful generation. We cannot walk backwards.

Space forbids discussion of the other absorbing problems which Mr. More raises. Always my results are the same. When, for instance, he writes of "Property and Law" I agree with his principle that "If property is secure, it may be the means to an end, whereas if it is insecure it will be the end in itself." But I cannot extol, as he does, the ancient virtues engendered by private property without remembering that some kinds of private property are "private" in a sense unknown two centuries ago, and their influences on their owner are ethically such that they cannot arouse the old spartan integrity, the old Horatian tenderness and solicitude. I should like to make this essay and the one entitled "The Philosophy of the War" the basis for an analysis of Mr. More's last two "sentimentalisms,"—socialism and pacifism. But my reader will readily guess that my reflections fall into the same duality of agreement and disagreement.

The man who to-day calls himself either a radical or a conservative is very likely to be a superficial man. Many of us will be dubious about the soundness of any all-embracing contempt for all aspects of all modern movements. Such a sweeping contempt I am sure Mr. More does not intend, though his growing aloofness and growing bitterness often imply it. No vigorous thinker will deny the importance of his plea for some restoration of aristocratic values.

In this age of imperialism, when we have a chaos of petty loyalties,—an age of what Hegel calls "the self-estranged social mind," an age in which, as Hegel warns us, communities invite convulsion and ruin,—reactionary aesthetes and moralists and politicians cry out for aristocracy. They are right in this respect: the stability of aristocracy gave the leisure necessary for the development of that kind of spirit which makes its economic necessities beautiful to a considerable extent. If the middle-class democratic regime were not unstable it would have a great art. Our factories would rise like temples of a miraculously new style in architecture. Our laborers would not be the slaves of machines, and we should have no H. G. Wells to dream of an evolutionary conquest of men by engines endowed by man's blind cunning with some hideous impassive intelligence. Machines

would be our slaves,—the only slaves in the world. Ruskin and Morris were partly right and partly wrong in their diagnosis of the Industrial Revolution. Shortsighted buccaneers of the market-place have wantonly befouled our lives. It was not, however, because machinery was invented and factories planted beside the sweetly garrulous and hitherto unsullied streams,—it was not because the air was made grim with canopies of smoke or because the new powers of steam dragged men and women and children from their homes, that art and morality and religion fell. These things were bound to be. These things, though evil, will, if treated with defiance and mastery, prove to be fragments of the good. To destroy machinery and factories would be to destroy progress. But just here the lovers of art and ethics and religion may well try to make a synthesis of the best in the irregular prophecies of men like Ruskin and Morris with the more logical but half-fatalistic analysis and forecast of Karl Marx. Let economic conditions fall under a regime more stable. The democratic bourgeoisie have so ordered things, says Marx, that life is full of capricious vicissitudes. Petty capitalists are crowded into the proletariat. Bankruptcies abound even among the larger capitalists. Panics and that condition absurdly called "prosperity" alternate with implacable certainty yet caprice. International wars follow as larger expressions of the growing socialization of the means of production combined with an irreconcilable anarchy of control by a fortuitously elevated minority of uncritical minds. Always the world is full of paupers and *nouveau riche*. Now the latter, as Ruskin and Morris knew, are always vulgar. And before they can develop aesthetically and ethically their money evaporates, and we have to devise a new travesty of art and of morals for a new crop of *nouveau riche*.

But shall we, then, return to the feudal aristocracy which Edmund Burke admired? It is impossible, desire it who will. Men like Carlyle, Mr. Belloe, and Mr. More forget the impossibility of going back,—forget the old sins and the old fatalism that ultimately made intolerable all aristocracies hitherto conceived. Let us restore in their essential significance many aristocratic ideals. Perhaps, by some strange yet beneficent irony of progress, the wildest prophecies of Karl Marx will come true, and the advancing proletariat will restore stability and many of the ideals of aristocracy, its ancient ally against the bourgeoisie.

HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY.

JAPAN: FRIEND OR FOE?*

Three new volumes testify that the Japanese Problem is still with us, even when the California Legislature is not in session. A year or so ago the discussion turned on the question of immigration, and we had contributions by Dr. Gulick, Mr. Kawakami, and Professor Millis. Now the broader question of national policy holds the attention of the writers, and the conclusions presented are as diverse as you please. Japan is a friend or foe depending on which of the volumes before us is read first and accepted unreservedly.

The three authors represent very different trainings and points of view. Mr. Crow is a journalist who served for eighteen months on an English newspaper in Tokyo. His treatment is that of the modern journalist, attractive in style but careless in statement—for newswriting allows little time for verification; and he is inclined to make assertions that cannot possibly be proved and yet which may possess an element of truth. Although he assures us that he has studied "past history" in order to estimate Japan's future policy, yet there is no internal evidence to show that he has any sound understanding of the events of the last half-century which moulded modern Japan. President Scherer and Professor Abbott both played a part in the making of New Japan. The former served as a teacher of English in Japan from 1892 to 1896, and the latter as a teacher of Zoölogy from 1900 to 1903. President Scherer has already given us two books on Japan which were very much worth while. It is of interest to note that the two men who lived longest in Japan and were in most intimate contact with the Japanese should agree in conclusions almost diametrically opposite to those of the journalist. But in doing so they run the risk of being classed by Mr. Crow with the other "misguided and deluded American friends" of Japan.

In "Japan and America: A Contrast," Mr. Crow endeavors to show that the United States is at present the great barrier to Japan's imperial ambitions in Asia, the Pacific, and the Americas, and that the war clans of Japan have selected this country as their probable enemy. "To break the United States is necessary for the fulfilment of Japan's ambitions." And his concluding sentence reads: "Japan is a menace, not only to

the United States but to all Western civilization, but our protection is found in the inherent weakness of the Japanese state."

On the other hand, Professor Abbott finds Japan facing squarely toward Asia, with problems in Korea, Manchuria, and China proper which will occupy all her energies, and with no thought of embroiling herself with the United States provided we allow her to work out unhindered her Asiatic "Monroe Doctrine." The armaments which Mr. Crow tells us are being prepared against America are, according to Professor Abbott, needed because of her Asiatic responsibilities.

The most valuable portions of Mr. Crow's volume are those describing conditions in Japan to-day. His picture of poverty, heavy taxation, and retarded social development seems to weaken the force of his thesis that so harassed a country could at the same time impose its will upon China, with her three or four hundred millions of people, and the United States, with her millions of men and treasure and boundless energy. The thoughtful reader will note a number of errors of fact and of interpretation, and a few irreconcilable statements. We are told that "the Japanese cultivates with intense care the small plot of land which belongs to him, but centuries of life in a country where all individualism and all initiative in the lower classes were crushed out of existence have left him without a mentality to conceive the possibilities of an uncultivated hillside, or a piece of unimproved plain more than a day's journey from his native village." Then why should we fear "a flood of cheap Oriental labor with yellow morals to flood the west coast of America"? There seems to be some contradiction here.

Professor Abbott's treatment of "Japanese Expansion and American Policies" is a sober and well-reasoned study. He presents a sympathetic account of the development of Japan in the Meiji era, points out her present problems, and finds their solution in the industrial and commercial field, with China as her most vital market. He sees no danger in our relations with Japan, unless we provoke it; and one of the strong appeals in his books is for a libel law to protect nations as well as individuals, and thus bring to an end the slanders, accusations, and aspersions of motives which now are disseminated in certain quarters in Japan and this country. He also advocates an international conference on Pacific problems, to be participated in by all the states and dependencies situated around its shores. In the three historical chapters a number of errors of fact are found. Both

* JAPAN AND AMERICA: A CONTRAST. By Carl Crow. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

JAPANESE EXPANSION AND AMERICAN POLICIES. By James Francis Abbott, Ph.D., sometime Instructor in the Imperial Japanese Naval Academy. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE JAPANESE CRISIS. By James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Professor Abbott and Mr. Crow keep alive the fiction that Great Britain revised her treaty with Japan in 1894 because of the latter's success in the war with China. As a matter of fact, the treaty was signed before war was declared.

President Scherer's little volume on "The Japanese Crisis" deals primarily with the California phase of the question. He believes that California was right in desiring to prevent Japanese ownership of land, but wrong in the method used, for a non-discriminatory law would have been better and quite unobjectionable. While believing in the possibility of both racial and social assimilation of the Japanese, he feels that the time is not ripe for either. The danger in our relations with Japan lies not in the government, "one of the wisest and most cool-headed" in the world, but in some "sensitive popular explosion." "He who lightly applies a match to this tinder is, however ignorant or thoughtless, a criminal against the human race." And his conclusion is this: "The most important piece of legislation still waiting to be done in this country is the enactment of a law or laws, by constitutional amendment if necessary, that will put international affairs in the hands of the nation. Meanwhile, let us trust Japan's honor to maintain the Gentlemen's Agreement, and burnish our own by wiping away discrimination." **PAYSON J. TREAT.**

TWO SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY PLAYS.*

As one reads the book of the enormous "community masque of the Art of the Theatre" written by Mr. MacKaye for the Shakespeare Celebration Committee of New York City, one cannot help wondering what Shakespeare would think of it. Probably he would have liked to see the pageant; but I am confident that nothing would have induced him to read the book. The pageant is impressive by its very size and splendor, and by the beauty of the settings designed by Messrs. Urban and Jones; but it is hard to believe that the spectators can receive any unified impression from it. The newspaper reports say that "its chief success was in the appeal to the eye," and that "it was more of a pageant and less of anything else than its author appears to have intended." Mr. MacKaye's huge dragnet has included theatres, actors,

and dramatists of all ages and nations; characters and scenes mythological, legendary, and historical; a number of scenes from Shakespeare's plays. But all these things are only interludes in a frigid and vague allegory which is intended to hold them together and unify them. In the mind of the reader, at least, the allegory does not accomplish its purpose.

Perhaps the task of revivifying allegory as a literary form is at present a hopeless one; certainly Mr. MacKaye has failed in it. He has rashly borrowed the four central characters of his masque from "The Tempest,"—Caliban, Prospero, Miranda, and Ariel,—and, as he says, "re-imagined" them. Rather, I think, he has "de-imagined" them: he has left out of them nearly all that makes their potent appeal to the imagination. It is quite needless for him to add: "They are thus no longer Shakespeare's characters of 'The Tempest'!" The magic is gone out of delicate Ariel; Prospero and Miranda are become vague shadows; Caliban alone is conceived and presented with something of imaginative power. In a recent article in "The Nation," Mr. Stuart P. Sherman remarks: "I am sorry for those who do not believe that the enchanted island of 'The Tempest' is man's universe, presented first in a state of insurrection, and then in a state of tranquillity." I am willing to accept my portion of Mr. Sherman's pity, which is no doubt kindly meant; but a reading of Mr. MacKaye's masque would suggest to him, I think, that the pity might be better bestowed on the allegory-spinners. For my part, I feel sincerely sorry for those who cannot enjoy "The Tempest" as the most delightful of all wonder stories, illuminated by the wisdom of Shakespeare's experience, without reading into it a frigid allegorical meaning. In the masque the magic isle is man's universe; and Caliban is "that passionate child-curious part of us all . . . groveling close to his aboriginal origins [!], yet groping up and staggering . . . toward that serener plane of pity and love, reason and disciplined will, where Miranda and Prospero commune with Ariel and his spirits." It is only fair to add that Mr. MacKaye has been more successful in the details of his work than in its main outlines; much of his verse is graceful and attractive.

It is a relief, however, to turn to a simpler and less ambitious undertaking. Mr. Burrill's "Master Skylark" is a dramatization of the story by Mr. John Bennett which appeared serially in "St. Nicholas" some years ago, and has retained its popularity in book form. The story concerns Nick Attwood, a boy

*CALIBAN BY THE YELLOW SANDS. By Percy MacKaye. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

MASTER SKYLARK; or, Will Shakespeare's Ward. A Dramatization from John Bennett's Story of the Same Name. By Edgar White Burrill. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

singer of Stratford, who is kidnapped and carried off to London by Gaston Carew, one of the Lord Admiral's company of players. There his voice wins him fame; he sings before the Queen, and is befriended by Heywood and Shakespeare. After Carew is imprisoned, Nick escapes with Carew's little daughter from the brutal servant who intends to dispose of them both to his own profit, and finds his way back to Stratford. The story is a pretty one, and Mr. Burrill has dramatized it with a good deal of skill. But Nick's adventures do not fit easily into the form of a play; some of them have to be introduced indirectly, and the action lacks continuity. Moreover, Mr. Burrill (or perhaps Mr. Bennett) is never quite at his ease in Elizabethan English, so that the dialogue is often stiff or cumbersome. The play is intended chiefly for amateurs; but it would require considerable resources in the way of setting, and the parts would be wearisome to learn. For reading, the narrative version of the story would, I should suppose, be preferable.

On the whole, both of these plays suggest that it is wiser not to try to write plays about Shakespeare,—unless one is a Shakespeare!

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

DAYS IN THE OPEN.*

From the rugged valley of the Yukon in the far Northwest to the beautiful Vale of Cashmere in the distant East the stay-at-home tourist is invited to journey in company with half a score of observant and experienced travellers whose agreeably written and, in most instances, attractively illustrated books, appearing at about this time, pleasantly remind us that the outdoor season of recreation and exploration has again opened wide its hospitable portals.

* *CAMP FIRES IN THE YUKON.* By Harry A. Auer. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

BROWN WATERS, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By W. H. Blake. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A BOOK-LOVER'S HOLIDAYS IN THE OPEN. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE CRUISE OF THE TOMAS BARRERA. By John B. Henderson. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A WOMAN IN THE WILDERNESS. By Winifred James. New York: George H. Doran Co.

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND. With an account of the Roosevelt scientific expedition to South America. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Ph.D. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

RAMBLERS IN THE VAUDSE ALPS. By F. S. Salisbury. M.A. Cantab. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

TAORMINA. By Ralcy Husted Bell. Illustrated. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

LOGGERS IN THE WILDERNESS. By W. C. Scully. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A MERRY BANKER IN THE FAR EAST (AND SOUTH AMERICA). By Walter H. Young (Tarapack). Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

OUR SUMMER IN THE VALE OF KASHMIR. By F. Ward Denys. Illustrated. Washington, D. C.: James William Bryan Press.

The big-game hunter, Mr. Harry A. Auer, tells the story of an Alaskan expedition in the late summer and early autumn of 1914. Five huntsmen, including the writer, took steamer from Seattle to Skagway, crossed the White Pass by rail to White Horse, and thence by pack train proceeded northwestward to the eastern slopes of the coast range, where Mt. St. Elias and Mt. Natazhat lift their snowy peaks to the sky. In diary form, and apparently with no romancing after the event, the account of "Camp Fires in the Yukon" fills two hundred pages, with numerous excellent views from photographs. The purpose of the trip, the bagging of big and smaller game, the study of the wild life of the far North, and the contemplation of Nature in her more majestic aspects, seems to have been satisfactorily accomplished.

The author of "Brown Waters," Mr. W. H. Blake, finds his chief delight rather in fishing than in hunting. "All pleasures but the angler's being, i' th' tail, repentance like a sting," he quotes from Thomas Weaver on his title-page; and in the body of his book he animadverts upon "the man whose purpose in carrying a rifle through the woods begins and ends with the death of an animal." Why is it, one might ask, that the jerking of a fish from its native element to gasp out its life in slow agony is considered so much gentler a practice than the shooting of game? Perhaps partly because the *mammalia* are more nearly related to us than are the *pisces*—do in fact include us. Eight chapters of Canadian rambling, with rod and rifle not too conspicuously in evidence, make up the book, whose graces of style are above the ordinary. Parts of it had already appeared in "The University Magazine." In harmony with the title is the following from the initial chapter:

But dearest to the fisherman's heart is the honest brown water, natural and proper home of the trout,—turning the sands beneath to gold, of patterns that ever change and fleet when the sun strikes through the ripple.

Western hunting adventures, glimpses of ranch life, memories of the African wilds, bits of unusual experience in the great out-of-doors far from civilization, with scattered reflections and fragments of varied and unexpected information, all set down with rapid pen and in a contagious spirit of zestful enjoyment, make up the bulk of "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," by Colonel Roosevelt. In an eloquently written preface that shows the author at his best in a literary sense, the lover of outdoor life and adventure is advised to "take books with him as he journeys; for the keenest enjoyment of the wilderness is

reserved for him who enjoys also the garnered wisdom of the present and the past." In further justification of the first part of his chosen title, the author inserts a chapter on "Books for Holidays in the Open," wherein his own wide-ranging literary preferences find free expression, with no tiresome insistence that they should be the preferences of others. In the fewest possible words one is counselled to choose for holiday excursions "the same books one would read at home." Here is a characteristic passage from this chapter:

Then, if one is worried by all kinds of men and events—during critical periods in administrative office, or at national conventions, or during congressional investigations, or in hard-fought political campaigns—it is the greatest relief and unalloyed delight to take up some really good, some really enthralling book—Tacitus, Thucydides, Herodotus, Polybius, or Goethe, Keats, Gray, or Lowell—and lose all memory of everything grimy, and of all the baseness that must be parried or conquered.

Another writer who finds recreation and spiritual refreshment in the study of nature is Mr. John B. Henderson, known for his book on "American Diplomatic Questions," and now offering his readers a full account, unusually well illustrated with photographs and colored drawings, of "The Cruise of the Tomas Barrera." It is "the narrative of a scientific expedition to Western Cuba and the Colorados Reefs, with observations on the geology, fauna, and flora of the regions." The vessel named in the title is a fishing schooner, "a splendid boat," lent without charge to the exploring party of seventeen, of which the author was one of the half-dozen naturalists. The trip covered the month from May 8 to June 9, 1914, much material was collected and "consigned to the various specialists who will in due time report upon it," and the whole adventure proved "a delightful outing and most successful collecting expedition." Presented in diary form, the narrative gives the impression of careful observation and painstaking endeavor to be accurate in every detail of the record, which at the same time is not too technical to be enjoyable to readers other than professed naturalists.

The author of "Letters to My Son," "More Letters to My Son," and, despite the seeming incompatibility, "Letters of a Spinster," offers still another volume of letters, this time from Panama, and addressed to "Phillips," an intimate friend "back home" (in England) to whom all sorts of amusing trivialities as well as more serious concerns may be unreservedly confided. Miss Winifred James calls her latest work "A Woman in the Wilderness," though the Panama of to-day is not exactly a trackless

jungle or an untrodden desert. The period covered is the thirteen months from June 1, 1914 to July, 1915, and the chronicle naturally touches occasionally on the war; it also includes frequent references to the writer's American husband (of recent and of course imaginary acquisition) named William. Local color is laid on in sufficient thickness to complete the illusion, if it be an illusion, of the author's actual presence in the tropical region where she is supposed to be writing. It is in fact, as her publishers announce, "a book of rollicking realism."

Passing further southward, we come to the South American countries lately visited by our indefatigable ex-President and partly described by him in "Through the Brazilian Wilderness," and now more fully depicted by his eminent associate in that expedition, the Rev. J. A. Zahm. The scientific results of that exploration having already been recorded in the aforementioned book, Dr. Zahm confines himself almost entirely to the more generally interesting incidents of the journey and a description of the places visited by him in company with Mr. Roosevelt. His interests, as is shown in earlier books from his pen, are centred in the history, the poetry, and the romance of the regions through which the party journeyed. Five hundred generous pages are devoted to this history, poetry, and romance; and sixty-four illustrations, with a map, add vividness to the whole, which bears the title, "Through South America's Southland, with an Account of the Roosevelt Scientific Expedition to South America." As one of many evidences of a rather unexpected enlightenment among the South American republics let us quote a short passage. After referring to the material splendors of Buenos Aires, the writer continues:

But they reveal but imperfectly the ideals and aspirations of its inhabitants. To understand these, one must visit some of their numerous and perfectly equipped charitable and educational institutions. These are the pride of every true Argentine and are, more than anything else, an indication of the real character of the people. They exhibit the promise and the potency of the republic's future as does nothing else, and show the spirit of solidarity and coöperation which are daily becoming more marked characteristics of the dominating element of the Argentine nation.

Transferring our attention now to the eastern hemisphere, we take up an inviting little book by Mr. F. S. Salisbury on "Rambles in the Vaudese Alps," wherein occurs the early and sensible caution, "Don't take your holiday with a rush if you mean it to be any good to you. Take the first day or two quietly and slide gently into it." A summer vacation spent at Gryon in 1908 laid the

foundations of the book, in which it is hoped that the lover of alpine flowers will find things of interest, as also those who delight especially in the scenery and atmosphere of the Alps. Faithful camera pictures of flower and landscape illustrate the botanizer's genially rambling narrative. It is amusing to read of the little bunches of edelweiss sold in the shops as souvenirs of Swiss mountaineering, and not uncommonly cut artfully out of flannel—in fact, "made in Germany," and warranted to wash.

In poetic charm, in pleasing imagery, in apt allusion to history and tradition, Dr. Raley Husted Bell's "Taormina" is sure to give satisfaction to lovers of travel books that are at the same time something more than bare itineraries or clever chronicles of personal adventure and experience. Few Sicilian towns are richer in antiquities or have a more interesting history than the ancient Tauromenium, founded twenty-three centuries ago and repeatedly the victim of siege and assault. The present account of its undying charms and its marked peculiarities owes its origin to the author's accidental detention amid its hoary ruins in the course of a projected tour of the island three years ago. Thus he had ample opportunity to study its past and note the survivals of that past in its present state. He writes of its origin, early inhabitants, language, ancient ruins, ancient products, present peculiarities, and other like matters, illustrating the whole with many photographic views.

Novelty of interest abounds in Mr. W. C. Scully's story of his toilsome journeys across the Bushmanland Desert in South Africa, a little known tract of arid wilderness fifty thousand square miles in extent. "Lodges in the Wilderness" the author calls his book, a title true to the contents, and a prefatory note explains that the travels described "were undertaken in the Nineties by the author when Special Magistrate for the Northern Border of the Cape Colony,—an office of which he was the last incumbent, and which has since lapsed." In compliment to the writer's realism it must be said that his pages seem to shimmer with the heat and to be parched with the thirst of the great desert where his scene is laid; and so the book is not the best of summer reading unless the reader be fortified with cooling drinks and comfortably disposed in the shade of that luxuriant foliage which he will nowhere find in the pages before him. Enjoyable, amid these sandy aridities, is the not infrequent literary allusion or unobtrusive hint of more liberal studies than might have been expected

in a South African magistrate. But the critic must note his misspelling of Nietzsche's name, or perhaps it were more charitable to throw the blame on the long-suffering and safely anonymous compositor. In conclusion, we will quote a passage descriptive of some of the inhabitants of this ill-favored region:

It was the eyes of those half-breeds that were most distinctive. These were dusky and deep, with an expression—not exactly furtive; rather expressive of haunting apprehension. This was hardly to be wondered at, for they had ceaselessly to watch for every change in the desert's pitiless visage—to note each alteration in the moods of earth and sky. Their lives were spent in answering a succession of riddles propounded by the terrible sphinx between whose taloned paws they existed as playthings.

Describing himself as arriving at Manila from Hong Kong "with a pea-green complexion, caused by the pranks of a typhoon," and "in a blue funk" from sea-sickness, and, further to heighten the chromatic effect, "looking greenery-yallery" as he disembarked at the hot landing-stage, Mr. Walter H. Young proceeds in rollicking vein to detail the indoor and outdoor adventures of "A Merry Banker in the Far East (and South America)." Sportsman no less than banker, he shows as much zest for snipe-shooting in the paddy-fields of Penang as for high finance in Iloilo; and so his amusing narrative may not inappropriately be grouped with the accompanying volumes of open-air literature. Romance, mildly incipient, adds its savor to the chronicle, as where the author allowed himself to cherish so tender a feeling for a certain Spanish damsel in the Philippines that their parting caused him, as he expressed it, a pain in his pantry. A paragraph from the chapter on "Patagonia Patter" will serve to illustrate the nature and style of the book:

I had already made up my mind to buy a bit of camp for myself as a little reserve fund, in case the directors should at some time turn nasty. I could then put on my hat, retire to my spot in the wilderness and politely tell them to go to Halifax. You never know your luck with directors, for a touch of liver in London may lose you a comfortable job in South America.

To many readers the Vale of Cashmere will have no very definite existence outside the pages of "Lalla Rookh," and even there its geography is delightfully vague. But those who turn the leaves of Dr. F. Ward Denys's sumptuous volume, "Our Summer in the Vale of Kashmir" can hardly fail to gain more precise knowledge of its location. Not the poetry and charm only of Kashmir, not indeed these chiefly, but the prosaic and sometimes homely realities of the country and its people and modes of life are presented in the faithfully and minutely descriptive chapters of the book. Its author has lived long amid the

scenes depicted, and is said to be the first American to relate his experiences in that far-off land. He writes about scenery, people, native industries, shops and bazaars, social life, sports, schools, houseboats and cottages, the Residency, the Maharaja, and other pertinent themes; and his handsome book is adorned with colored drawings, colored photographs, and other illustrations. It is a notable specimen of the fine art of book-manufacture, and, best of all, thoroughly readable.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

RECENT FICTION.*

There have been many stories of the great West in more or less recent fiction, and doubtless everyone has his favorites, if he condescends to such reading at all. I myself have never seen the like of Hop-along Cassidy: I should be sorry at his non-appearance of late were it not that I long ago saw that he would in no long time kill all the bad men of the west, and be reduced to a forced quiescence, like Alexander the Great. I hope he has not suffered the same depressing end as the great conqueror on the larger scale. But of course there have been many great heroes beside Hop-along Cassidy, and everyone has a right to have his own opinion about them, and also (as we cannot well come within possible range) to state it. In fact, it would be foolish to quarrel on the subject, for there are so many different kinds of Wild West novel that there must be a great range of admirers and readers.

In this long array of gradually shading species and specimens, Mr. Spearman's "Nan of Music Mountain" stands well along in the upper levels. It has most of the conventionalities that it seems impossible to avoid,—the dead shot, the horseback girl, the bad man, and others; but assuming these as one assumes harlequin and columbine in another form of popular literature, one finds something individual in the story. If you try to realize the people and places, you can generally do it, and also find pleasure in so doing. Whether it be true to life or not, I should be the last to say, or even to think of the necessity of saying.

* *NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN.* By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PHANTOM HERD. By B. M. Bowers. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

"I CONQUERED." By Harold Titus. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

THE HEART OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN. By Edfrid A. Bingham. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THEY OF THE HIGH TRAILS. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GREEN MANSIONS. A Romance of the Tropical Forest. By W. H. Hudson. New edition. With introduction by John Galsworthy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

It is a very good story of its kind, which means that it is good in incident, strong on local color, and not without some impressions of character.

In "The Phantom Herd," Mrs. B. M. Bowers has an amusing if somewhat eccentric idea. Having written many a story of cowboy life, she now conceives someone who wants to make a moving picture film of the passing or already passed epic of the cowboy. Luck Lindsay, tired of ordinary Wild West films, peopled the plain in his imagination "with things that had been but now were no more; with buffalo and with Indians who camped on the trail of the big herds." Then "he saw the coming of the cattle driven up from the south by wind-browned, saddle-weary cow-boys who sung endless chanteys to pass the time as they rode with their herds up the long trail. . . . What a picture it would all make," he thought. It may seem curious that anyone who could write of such things absolutely from the life should prefer to present them as they would appear in the distorted mirror of the "movies"; but such was Mrs. Bowers's preference.

The chief difficulty in the path of the novelist who wishes to realize some of his deeply-felt experiences of this fascinating form of life is that it is hard to get outside the ordinary range of stereotyped incident. It was unfortunate, therefore, that Mr. Titus and Miss Bingham should both at the same time have conceived the personality of the fierce wild horse who is so important in their books. I have not heard of the great wild horse since the days of "The Dog Crusoe," and even there he was not so great a horse as either of the two which appears this year. Mr. Titus, beside this main effort, rather relapses into convention in his tale of the young ne'er-do-weel of the East who gives up his vices and makes a man of himself in the bracing air of the West. One cannot say just the same thing of "The Heart of Thunder Mountain"; but there is certainly a familiar air in the central incident of the isolated man with the broken leg, tended through the terrible winter by a devoted girl. Originality is not the one great thing in fiction, but this much may be said: the writer who nowadays adopts ready-made characters and incidents deliberately gives up by just so much the chance to inform his work with the real impression of life, and makes it thereby just so much the more an ordinary piece of work.

It will be agreed by most that all such stories, however original and amusing, fall in with a pretty well established literary tradition. All sorts of things have been said

about the Nineties, some of them at the time by Max Nordau. In those early days, in his work on "Degeneration," Mr. Nordau said that many of those who seemed to be leaders of a new movement were really leaders of nothing at all, but rather expiring stragglers at the end of an exhausted caravan. In some matters (for he spoke of many) he was doubtless right, but in one, to which he paid little or no attention, he was wrong. In the field of fiction the Nineties were a fruitful seed-box, and the crop produced therefrom has been large. It was in '91 that "The Prisoner of Zenda" was published, which had a large result now almost passed away except for the echoes of the "movies" and the "ten-thirties." It was in '90 that "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" appeared, whence arose a species much more hardy and long-lived. It was about the same time in this country that Paul Leicester Ford wrote his political novel, "The Honorable Peter Stirling." It was toward the end of the decade that "The Short Line War" by Messrs Merwin and Webster showed the possibilities of a romance founded on the achievements of "big business." It was but a little later that Mr. Stewart E. White wrote "The Blazed Trail," which showed the way to so many wanderers in the great wood of romance. If one reads the average fiction of the present day one will be pretty sure to find traces of the Zenda story, the political story, the story of big business, the detective story, the story of the great out-doors,—either in different novels or all in the same one. Careful study may show specimens of these *genres* before the Nineties, but there can be little doubt that the books just named were the sign if not the cause of a great popularization of such and such ideas.

The general reader cares little for such studies of literary sources,—*quellen-geschichten* the Germans used to call them. "If the book is good," one is likely to say, "what does it matter whether somebody suggested the idea ten years ago? Shakespeare, for one, always used material and ideas that he found in all sorts of places, and never was afraid to write a play like somebody else even if he found it was in fashion." Yet even for the momentary pleasure, it is a matter of consequence whether a book be a more or less fresh creation out of the facts of life or a specimen of a well known and popular line of goods. You can see this with half an eye in the detective stories of the day: there are few that are not made on a pattern; sometimes one strikes a novel element or idea, but generally one has merely a new combination of the quiet intellectualist, the obsequious friend and

reporter, the foolish and stupid official inquirer, and the other elements which Conan Doyle picked up from Poe. And that sort of thing can hardly be even amusing, except to one who has read very little recent literature.

Nowhere is this more easily seen than in these Wild West stories. It was early in these same Nineties that Mr. Owen Wister wrote the stories which he afterward welded together with such signal success in "The Virginian." In that well-studied and interesting book one will find most of the main features that have distinguished the cow-boy story since,—the modest and efficient cow-boy, the bad man, the girl from the East, with not a few of the scenes and incidents that have suggested so much to the active-minded workers of the years just gone by. Some new elements have appeared,—as for instance the cow-girl; and there have been all sorts of combinations,—as with the idea of a big business operation, of a detective mystery, and so on. To anyone who has read and can remember, the average cow-boy story is a perfect patchwork or rag mat of well known material. And such things are often interesting and attractive; many a writer of ingenuity and ability will use all kinds of familiar material so as to charm and interest and amuse all sorts of people. There is a great deal in having the literary gift or knack or talent; some people can make a good novel out of anything.

Still there is a freshness that comes from the touch of life, and this (to come to the end of a long interjection) I feel in Mr. Hamlin Garland's "They of the High Trails." Mr. Garland has probably not succeeded in doing in this book all that he had in mind to do, although I may put into definite form ideas which in the author's mind were but vaguely suggestive and never meant to go farther. Nor do I feel that Mr. Garland has wholly avoided the conventional probabilities of such books,—perhaps in writing stories of Western life one cannot wholly avoid the bad man and the murder mystery. But in spite of such things one can not read the book without feeling (as one felt when reading "The Virginian") that here is a man who has looked long at some of the most interesting phases of life with his own eyes and got his own impressions, who has seen the Western country and really felt its greatness and its relation to our national life, who has the literary gift to fuse all this and turn it out clear-cut and right, a beautiful piece of work.

Mr. Garland is of course of different stock from most of those who write cow-boy stories,

—older and better stock, I should say: he is of the Nineties himself. He is, in fact, of the same group that Mr. Wister was of when he wrote "The Virginian,"—the group of those who in those days were absorbed and stimulated by the study of the circumstances and surroundings of place in all parts of the United States, and in this case particularly of the West. I am sure that Mr. Garland would feel that "They of the High Trails" points back to "Main Travelled Roads" and not to anything else at all. So it does; it is only in part a story of the cow-boy,—it is really a picture of those fringes of frontier that are still left here and there in Montana and Wyoming.

I at least generally go on with a book more happily when I have received assurance that the writer is giving some first-hand impressions from life. There are stories of which the great charm is that they are not directly from life, which are the product of the fancy and the ingenuity that sometimes with the artist get their material from life by a very indirect and baffling road. But where we have the general idea of the presentation of actual life, I always like to get the assurance that the writer really knows something of the actualities which he is trying to realize for us,—that he has taken them in and absorbed them and assimilated them, so that we have something essential as a result and not the obvious only or the accidental, something true to the bottom and not an attractive superficiality, an actual insight into things and not something made up from hearsay and general report. And that I usually get from Mr. Garland: he generally gives one that impression in writing and in speaking. He can use the common conventions in such a way that we can see what there is real in them. He certainly knows and for years has known the high country of the mountain West, and the people who have passed up into it as the continent was overspread by the veneer of modern civilization. He runs them over with a sort of historic responsibility,—the grub-staker, the cow-boss, the prospector, the outlaw, the remittance-man, and finally the forest ranger, last to appear but perhaps the most deeply to be understood by Mr. Garland. They make to his mind a sort of passing pageant of the last generation on the frontier. When the frontier is absolutely gone—indeed, they say there is none now—his book, like Mr. Wister's, will keep in mind a passing phase of American civilization better than some more formal histories.

It will not be a bad thing to read, along with these stories of the high country of our

own great West, Mr. W. H. Hudson's "Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest." Mr. Hudson is primarily, I believe, a naturalist, a man of science; but he has long been known by his books of travel, and by a few romances which have much the same quality. That quality I take to be a sort of spiritual sincerity, a sort of devoted rendering of impressions of nature which go beyond the observation and experience of the scientist. That, at least, is what I feel in this story of a strange episode in the forests of South America. The story itself is not new: when one reads of the civilized wanderer exploring wild places and living with wild men, who finds in the depth of the forest a beautiful child of nature, one thinks of Amyas Leigh and Ayacanora, who must have trod in older days the very same woodlands that lay in the path of Abel and Rima. But though Mr. Hudson, like many other writers, conceives of familiar figures, he thinks of them in such a manner as at once to give them the breath of life. Not only is the main idea so turned as to express most forcibly the spiritual conception with which he is deeply impressed, but each little incident is such as to give the indisputable feeling of reality. Mr. Galsworthy, who writes a preface to this new edition of the book, says of him: "He puts down what he sees and feels, out of sheer love of the thing seen, and the emotion felt." It may seem curious that Mr. Galsworthy, the ironical observer of our super-civilization, should find the most interesting thing in the literature of our day in the work of Mr. Hudson, who is essentially a lover and chronicler of nature. Perhaps it comes from this same thing in Mr. Galsworthy himself,—the looking on life for the love of it, and the setting down one's impression for the sake of a true record. We often meet other things in fiction; but whenever we meet that, whether in a romance of the tropical forest or in a tale of the northern high country, it is the same thing, and makes us pause a bit and then read more intently.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The psychology of the "movies." Professor Hugo Münsterberg has written a book on "The Photoplay" (Appleton) addressed to the layman and well designed to give the latter an appreciative understanding of the several physical and psychological principles that enter into the technique of that democratic recreation. He proceeds systematically from an account of the earlier applications of the still older principle (brief exposures of changing phases of position which the

mind combines from the retinal images), to the gradual perfection of the projecting apparatus, and the photographic refinements; then to the psychological aspects of the depth and movement, and the play of attention, imagination, and emotion, which constitute the attraction of the "movies." The issue of the discussion culminates in the æsthetic considerations; the conclusion is set forth with supporting analyses that the photo-play constitutes a legitimate art, with its peculiar possibilities and demands. While subject to the general laws of æsthetic impression and value, it must not be judged in terms of the other arts exclusively, but it is entitled to an independent appraisal. It demands other conditions, is capable of effects to which other visual arts cannot attain, and by that token makes a distinctive appeal to the imagination and emotions. All this is admirably set forth. When the thesis extends to the claim that the popular devices developed conform to extensions of the intrinsic mental movement, giving it a new and precise expression, serious doubts arise. The argument becomes rather academic, like a retrogressive prophecy: what is, must be. The "close-ups" follow the same mechanism that brought about the opera-glass; while the "cut-backs," which picture the reflections of the hero or heroine upon a tender past, represent the play of the reflective imagination of the spectator. This may be so; but the verdict rests with the critical sense of the artist. The future may reveal the limitations of the photo-play quite as convincingly as its possibilities; and the devices which please to-day may be discarded by the more mature standards of the decades to come. None the less, the "movies," whether they have come to stay or to be forgotten by a jaded and novelty-loving public, have already filled so large a place in the twentieth-century mind that an account of their rationale and their æsthetic justification is a timely contribution.

*A eulogy of
Hayes and his
administration.*

Professor John W. Burgess's lectures on "The Administration of President Hayes," delivered last year at Kenyon College, are now published in book form (Scribner). After a sketch of the political, economic, and social situation in 1876, the legal aspects of the disputed presidential election of that year are presented in some detail. The conclusion is reached that "no President nor Vice-President had ever had a more complete title legally to his office than did Mr. Hayes and Mr. Wheeler." Professor Burgess is a warm eulogist in recounting the events at the opening of the new administration. "The inaugural address was a model of sound sense, wise statesmanship, genuine patriotism, and cordial good will, expressed in concise, chaste, and elegant language, and pronounced with a manly firmness and grace which impressed most favorably and profoundly all those who heard it and all who read it in the public prints." The eulogy extends to the cabinet chosen by President Hayes. Evarts, Secretary of State, "had shown himself the most sound and learned constitutional lawyer and the most skilful diplomatist which the country possessed"; Sherman, Secre-

tary of Treasury, was "the soundest man in the nation, next to Mr. Hayes, himself, on the monetary question"; and a third member, Carl Schurz, is characterized as a "profound scholar, brilliant orator, brave soldier, wise statesman, independent thinker, great reader, honest man, genial companion, and courteous gentleman." Professor Burgess speaks of the remaining cabinet members with somewhat less warmth, yet he concludes: "Taken altogether, it was the strongest body of men, each best fitted for the place assigned to him, that ever sat around the council table of a President of the United States." The two concluding lectures are given over to an account and defence of the President's policy toward the Southern states, his financial policy, and his activities in furtherance of civil service reform. Mention is made of the Hayes programme during the disturbances along the Mexican border in 1877-9, and a comparison is made with the policy of President Wilson in 1913-15. The passage in a presidential message of 1880 calling for an Isthmian Canal under American control is quoted, followed by a comparison of Hayes with another of his successors, in which "the more impeccable diplomacy" of Hayes is stressed. To Professor Burgess, Rutherford B. Hayes "was a political scientist and a statesman." In his summary of the achievements of the Hayes administration, Professor Burgess says that "every great internal problem—the Southern problem, the currency problem, the civil service problem, and the Indian problem—had been solved or put upon the right course of solution, the whole country was prosperous and happy, and his party had been restored to power in all branches of the government." This agrees in the main with a summary written by Hayes himself in December of 1881, and published recently in Mr. C. H. Williams's biography of Hayes, the two volumes of which the reader will desire to consult for a full treatment of the nineteenth president and his administration.

*Posthumous
essays of a
reticent writer.*

The late President Little of Garrett Biblical Institute had no ambition to add to the multitude of printed books, and so his "Biographical and Literary Studies" (Abingdon Press) owe their posthumous appearance to the editorial agency of a friend, the present head of the above-named institution. They are lectures, but their preparation for oral delivery was of so scrupulously scholarly a character that they make a most creditable appearance in book-form. Like the late Lord Acton, President Little attached so much importance to careful preparatory study, to repeated revision of his work, and to a general habit of open-mindedness and of caution against premature conclusions, that life was far too short to make possible anything but the most meagre expression of his ripened thought in completed form. A translation, a Fernley Lecture, a book of sermons, and the present volume are all the books that bear his name. Eleven lectures make up the contents of the "Studies," and they treat of the apostle Paul, Hildebrand, Dante, Dante's women, Savonarola, Luther, Galileo,

Ibsen, Ibsen's women, Ibsen compared with Sophocles and Shakespeare, and Christ's place in modern thought. In them the deeper realities are searched out and presented in aptly expressive words. Near the close of the book, where he asserts of Dante and Sophocles and Shakespeare that "the world of fable that served them as a mirror for their time has no reality for us," he does rather less than justice to the undying quality of those myths and fables as turned to use by the three masters named. A biographical and appreciative introduction to the lectures is supplied by President Stuart, the editor of the book.

*European
diplomacy,
1870-1914.*

In "The Diplomatic Background of the War, 1870-1914," by Professor Charles Seymour of Yale University, we have another contribution to the literature dealing with the diplomatic history of Europe prior to the outbreak of the present war. This study ranks with Headlam's "History of Twelve Days," Stowell's "Diplomacy of the War of 1914," and Bullard's "The Diplomacy of the Great War," as one of the most scholarly historical studies which the war has produced. The present work, however, makes no pretence to being a detailed history of European diplomacy during the forty-five years which elapsed between the Franco-German war of 1870-71 and the outbreak of the present conflict. The author essays the more modest task of correlating the important events of recent European international relations, and of pointing out their reaction upon each other; and, in particular, of indicating how German primacy in continental politics was established by Bismarck and maintained by the present Emperor; how this primacy affected Great Britain and led to the creation of the Triple Entente; how the new alignment of powers was followed by one crisis after another; and how finally the conflicting ambitions and interests of the great powers led to the present conflict. The dominating historical fact between 1870 and 1914 was the rise of Germany, a circumstance which introduced new elements into the European situation and made the present war inevitable. In the face of a common danger, Great Britain, France, and Russia threw aside their traditional enmity and formed a combination to preserve the balance of power which the ambitions of Germany threatened to upset. At the very moment when relations between these three powers were most strained and Anglo-German connections were closest, British policy suddenly underwent an extraordinary transformation, which completely altered the whole European situation. Then like a bolt from the blue came the assassination of the Austrian archduke,—a crime which, although it horrified the German diplomats, afforded a not unwelcome occasion for entering upon the aggressive action which their general policy demanded. German hegemony, which had been established by Bismarck, must be reestablished, and no better pretext for attempting it could be found than that presented by the crime of Serajevo. Thus runs Dr. Seymour's main argument. An unbiased verdict, he thinks, can hardly be rendered by the pres-

ent generation upon the question of the moral justification for Germany's uncompromising attitude in 1914. In his view the fact to be remembered, however, is that the Germans sincerely believed that they had a right to world empire and, if they were capable of seizing it, to supreme world empire. Therefore they were determined "to give the law to Europe in 1914 either by diplomacy or by war."

*What Christ
thought of
himself.*

The introduction to Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes's "What Jesus Christ Thought of Himself" (Macmillan) sufficiently indicates the nature of the work. "The fundamental question in Christian theology is not 'What think ye of Christ?' but 'What did Christ think of himself?' The intelligent answer to the former depends largely upon the latter." It is well to inquire, and to settle if possible, what Jesus thought of himself; and Mr. Stokes has succeeded in making an admirably clear and for the most part consistent exposition of this topic. But the statement that the view of Jesus should be the view of his readers is merely a frank announcement of allegiance to the *circulus in probando*. To those already convinced of its conclusions, the little book will be of much comfort; but if perchance the author is aiming to appeal to the indifferent, the aim is very much beside the mark. He seems to be touched by the higher criticism, but not enlightened. There are numerous instances of the unfortunate method pursued by many interpreters of the Bible, that is, the preservation of consistency by adopting now a rigidly literal interpretation, and again a richly imaginative or highly fanciful one. This method reminds one too vividly of David Hume's clever custom of speaking, when it suited his purpose, "with the vulgar." One example will serve to illustrate the kind of questionable interpretation found throughout: "In the words of the Apostles' creed, he was born of one known as 'the Virgin Mary.'" Whether or not textual criticism justifies the words, "one known as," it appears evident that the author wants to shift responsibility for the Virgin Mary. We may have the highest respect for those who accept the Virgin Mary, with all her assets and liabilities; but this "one known as" indicates too much of the infantile desire to have the cake and eat it too. Despite the above, there are many valuable constructive hints in the volume, and the collation of gospel quotations may be found of great use to students.

*Perilous
missionary
adventures.*

When Vancouver first visited the island now bearing his name the natives regarded his vessel as a great war canoe, and so called it among themselves. Missionaries to the descendants of these redskin aborigines may be conceived of as following in the wake of Vancouver's war canoe; and thus Archdeacon Collison of Metlakahla describes his evangelizing labors in a book entitled, "In the Wake of the War Canoe" (Dutton), which is further explained to be "a stirring record of forty years' successful labour, peril and adventure amongst the

savage Indian tribes of the Pacific coast, and the piratical head-hunting Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, B. C." Some prefatory words by the Lord Bishop of Derry call attention to the more than religious interest of this stirring narrative. Captain Marryat, he declares, "never recorded such experience for the delight of school-boys." Storms at sea, tribal wars on land, earthquakes and conflagrations, with other disquieting demonstrations from both man and nature, make up the substance of this eventful history, which is written at the urgent request of many friends after an unusually protracted period of what must have been the most fatiguing, most trying sort of missionary labor. It deserves a place among the famous records of its kind. A map and twenty-four illustrations, with a too-brief index, add to the volume's interest and usefulness.

*Optimism
physiologically
justified.*

Dr. George V. N. Dearborn has prepared a readable little volume on "The Influence of Joy" (Little, Brown & Co.), which sets forth the physiological soundness of an optimistic outlook. In the first portion of the book he gives in popular terms the physiological evidence showing the effect of cheer and hopeful expectation upon the functions of nutrition, respiration, and nervous action. This field has recently been much enriched by elaborate researches, so that precise facts may now replace more general evidence. The conditions under which food is taken are as vital a factor in digestion as any other; appetite is as real chemically as psychologically. The psychic factor in adjustment is provided for in the nervous system. In the broader field, attitude is even more dominant. Work and play, enthusiasm and drudgery, are partly determined by attitude. Discipline is necessary; but worry is the great irritant, and despondency the great enemy, of life. Adequate function establishes a positive balance in favor of optimism. Cheer, humor, laughter, sympathy, love, and the positive forces of the psychic barometer are indispensable. Recreation finds its justification, and the wholesome tone of response is direct efficiency. Despite some rather obtrusive mannerisms, Dr. Dearborn's presentation moves easily; and though not deep, it is sound and helpful.

*Modern Germany
in the making.*

A series of six lectures on "The Making of Modern Germany," delivered last year in Chicago by Professor Ferdinand Schevill, are now issued in book form by Messrs. McClurg & Co. These lectures touch the salient points of Germany's development from the Thirty Years' War to the present day. They are popular in tone, as befits the university extension audiences to whom they were addressed; but they seem almost too cursory to justify their publication in book form. The author, while not discussing the war directly, has a strong pro-German bias, and is at considerable pains to minimize the Prussianism and militarism of the German Empire and to claim for the German constitution a greater measure of the democratic spirit than

most Americans are able to detect. It is hardly correct to state, as he has done, that the government of the Empire does not differ in character from the government of a German municipality. Both are indeed undemocratic, but the former is based ultimately on feudalism and the latter on business efficiency. There is an appendix devoted to a palliation of Bismarck's action in "editing" the Ems dispatch,—the best answer to which would be a reading of Bismarck's own cynically frank admissions in chapter 22 of his "Gedanken und Erinnerungen."

*Representative
European dramas.*

It is virtually an impossible task to make such a selection of plays from the whole range of non-English literature, extending from Æschylus to Ibsen, as shall satisfy everybody; so that to find fault with Professor Brander Matthews's "Chief European Dramatists" (Houghton) because the editor does not include this or that drama is really a work of supererogation. It is a creditable performance to have brought within the pages of a single volume twenty-one plays which are on the whole admirably representative of the main currents of dramatic art through the centuries. The volume is intended primarily as a text-book for a general college course in the drama, and as such it might very properly have had a little fuller critical apparatus. What there is of such apparatus is contained in three rather scanty appendices. The notes on the authors are extremely compressed, and those on the text are just enough to suggest the place of the plays in the development of the drama. The reading-list on the dramatists is so meagre as to be practically valueless; it is not nearly so full as the corresponding list in Professor Dickinson's "Chief Contemporary Dramatists." It would have been an easy matter to record some half a dozen standard critical works on each author, if any bibliography was worth while at all.

*Libraries in
Ancient Rome.*

Ancient Rome had no public libraries in the full sense of that term, and this fact might well have been established at the outset in Professor Charles Eugene Boyd's "Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome"; but in the early centuries of the Empire there were founded more than a score of libraries hospitable to scholars and readers, and to that extent "public." Library legislation and library commissions and taxation for library purposes were still centuries in the future. Nevertheless it appears that the woman librarian, or library assistant of humble rank, was not unknown even in the days of the Cæsars. A certain Publius Rubrius Optatus dedicated a monument to his wife,—*"Pyrrhe Rubrie Helvie librariæ."* This we note in Professor Boyd's chapter on the management of libraries. His book also discusses the history, equipment, contents, object, and cultural significance of the Roman public library, giving particular attention to libraries in Rome during the first century and a half of the Empire. Scattered references in two-score ancient authors and a few

other classical sources, with many modern works on ancient Rome, have furnished the fragmentary material from which he has reconstructed for us the old Roman library as it may be supposed to have once existed. The book shows laborious scholarship and patient research, with an impressive array of classical quotations, chiefly in the form of footnotes. Two pages of bibliography and five of index conclude the volume.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Curiosities in Proverbs" (Putnam), classified and arranged by Mr. Dwight Edwards Marvin, is a collection of unusual adages, maxims, aphorisms, phrases, and other popular dicta from many lands. In the Introduction, as well as in his annotations, Mr. Marvin reveals the interest of a zealous student of folklore. His industry has brought together more than two thousand folk sayings, translated from more than seventy languages and dialects.

A useful and timely historical atlas of modern Europe, with explanatory text by Messrs. C. Grant Robertson and J. G. Bartholomew, has been published by the Oxford University Press. There are forty-three maps in all, each plate explanatory of the history and evolution of the State dealt with prior to 1789, with August 4, 1914, as the terminus. The accompanying descriptive matter aims to supplement, not to supplant, the historical textbook; the maps show clear printing and proper subordination of details.

Dr. Louis Starr adds another to the many books now available for protecting the adolescent by proper guidance through this difficult period. "The Adolescent Period" (Blakiston) treats the subject considerably in its several aspects, physical, mental, moral. The book is primarily a useful and simple handbook from the medical point of view. It tells the story directly for the benefit of parents and those who have responsibility for the young. It is safe and sane, especially on sex matters, and generally full of good counsel; it is cautious without being alarming, and includes enough of various matters to make a rounded whole.

There is doubtless place for a volume that describes in simple and intelligible language the present accredited attitude toward the less favored specimens of young humanity. For this service, Mr. Arthur Holmes's book on "Backward Children" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) has good claims. It is simple, specific, and concrete. It tells directly, in terms of observed cases, of the problems that backward children present, what psychology is doing to determine their causes, and what education is doing to make the best of the situation. Beyond this the volume accomplishes little, and makes no pretence to more. It is open to the charge of undue simplification, and of being superficial in the desire to be light and intelligible. It reflects much reading, but little critical ability. For those with modest demands, it promises a profitable service.

Oral English has been receiving increased attention in schools and colleges; its more radical adherents now insist that it should be independent both of literature and of written composition. It is with this idea in mind that Mr. John M. Brewer has composed a handbook of "Oral English" (Ginn), in which, as he says, he addresses the student from the point of view "of the modern, active man or woman of the world, who must talk a great deal and wishes to do it with businesslike simplicity and brevity." The first part of the book discusses the various kinds of talk and the manner of speaking, and includes abundant exercises; the second part deals with debating and parliamentary law; and appendices contain lists of topics for reference, plans for mock trials, and other matters.

English composition for the second year of the high school is succinctly taught, by example fully as much as by precept, in Mr. Edwin L. Miller's "Practical English Composition, Book II" (Houghton). As Book I of this series laid emphasis on description, so the present number gives prominence to narration. In like manner the two succeeding parts will emphasize exposition and argumentation. Journalism receives especial attention throughout this second portion of the set, and the exercises are both oral and written, as in the preceding volume. A brief quotation begins each chapter, and a poem closes it—"to furnish that stimulus to the will and imagination without which great practical achievement is impossible." This is well; but less ready approval is given to the author's assertion that "the sort of idealism that has no practical results is a snare." If this be true, it is not a truth that the present generation needs to have dinned into its ears. Practical details of journalism, even to the writing of advertisements, are taught in the book's twenty chapters by one who has himself had experience of newspaper work.

The Folk-Lore Society of Texas is a branch of the American Folk-Lore Society. It is organized for the more thorough exploration of the folk-lore of the State, and has been decidedly active. Organized in 1911, it has held five annual meetings, at which much interest has been shown and some papers of real merit read. The society numbers nearly one hundred members. Its field is a rich one because of the fact that Texas is a meeting-ground of whites, negroes, Indians, and Mexicans. We have just received its first publication, which contains thirteen papers, besides the record of meetings and list of members. The papers printed have all been read at annual meetings; and among them are some, both general and local, of more than ordinary interest. The paper upon "Texas Play-Party Songs and Games" is a veritable contribution to our knowledge. Of papers dealing with folk-lore in its larger aspects, the two of most importance are "Folk-lore and its Influence in Determining Institutions" by Mr. J. E. Pearce, and "The Prehistoric Development of Satire" by Mr. Stith Thompson. This publication can be procured from the Secretary of the Society, Mr. Stith Thompson, Austin, Texas.

NOTES AND NEWS.

"Charles Fontaine, Parisien," by Mr. Richmond Laurin Hawkins, is announced by the Harvard University Press.

"Rodmoor," a new novel by Mr. John Cowper Powys, is announced for publication in September by Mr. G. Arnold Shaw.

"Young India: An Interpretation and a History of the Nationalist Movement from Within," by Lajpat Rai, will be published shortly by Mr. B. W. Huebsch.

"General Botha: The Career and the Man," a biography of the great Boer soldier and statesman by Mr. Harold Spender, is promised for immediate issue by Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "The German Republic," announced for early publication by Messrs. Dutton, Mr. Walter Wellman aims to point the way to ending the war and to greater things after the war.

In "Poland: A Study in National Idealism," a volume by Miss Monica M. Gardner which Messrs. Scribner announce, the author endeavors to interpret the soul of Poland to English readers by a presentation of certain aspects of Polish literature.

Dr. George F. Kunz has prepared a volume on "Shakespeare and Precious Stones," which is announced by Messrs. Lippincott. Dr. Kunz aims to show that Shakespeare treated even the subject of precious stones with wide and accurate knowledge and skill.

A fifth volume by Mr. George Middleton is announced by Messrs. Holt under the title, "The Road Together." It is a four-act drama of American life, and its theme is the conflict between vagrant emotions and the bond which is made in marriage by the habit of life together.

"Making Type Work," by Mr. Benjamin Sherbow, is a volume which the Century Co. has in preparation for early issue. It embodies the author's experiences as a type specialist, and presents the principles and details of type arrangement that help advertising to do its work.

A translation of Maurice Emanuel's "The Antique Greek Dance," has been prepared by Mrs. Harriet Jean Beasley and will be published by the John Lane Co. There will be more than six hundred drawings, after painted and sculptured figures by M. A. Collombar and the author.

The authoritative life of the late Booker T. Washington, which Messrs. Revell are about to issue under the title of "The Life and Times of Booker T. Washington," is written by Mr. B. F. Riley, author of "The White Man's Burden." Professor Edgar Y. Mullins, President of the Southern Theological Seminary, supplies the Introduction.

A brief account of the life-work of the late Joseph Fels, prepared by his wife, Mary Fels, is announced for early issue by Mr. B. W. Huebsch. The book will deal principally with Fels's activities in connection with the single tax movement, vacant land cultivation, intensive agriculture, and educational experiments largely in England and America.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has in press a new volume of essays, mostly written during the war, entitled "Cloud and Silver." The first part treats of France and the Marne; the second part is miscellaneous; the third is a series of fantasies published in "Punch" under the title "Once upon a Time"; and the fourth is an exercise in a new medium.

"The Soul of the Russian," a collection of intimate sketches of our Allies at home, both before and during the war, by Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lethbridge, is soon to be issued by the John Lane Co. From the same publishers is also coming shortly a volume of South African impressions by Mrs. Madeline Alston entitled "From the Heart of the Veld."

Among other forthcoming publications of Messrs. Longmans are the following: "Lectures on Serbia," by Rev. Nicolai Velimirovic; "Some Experiences in Hungary, August, 1914, to January, 1915," by Mr. H. J. C. MacDonald; "The Foundations of Indian Economics," by Radhakamal Mukerjee; and "Thomas Hardy: A Study of the Wessex Novels," by Mr. H. C. Duffin.

An exhibit of printing by Mr. Bruce Rogers was shown in the Newark, N. J., Free Public Library by the Carteret Book Club, June 6-10. Most of the books printed under the direction of Mr. Rogers, including the special limited editions of forty volumes issued by the Riverside Press between 1900 and 1910, were collected for this exhibit. A large number of leaflets, broadsides, studies for title-pages, etc., were also shown.

Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, whose name must now be familiar to every DIAL reader, and Mr. A. S. Osborn, the handwriting expert, are at work on a book on Shakespeare's handwriting. The authors are studying every signature and manuscript that has ever been attributed to Shakespeare, as well as the Promus MS., the Northumberland MS., the play of Sir Thomas More, "The Second Maiden's Tragedy," etc. The book will be copiously illustrated.

Among other volumes which the Macmillan Co. will issue immediately are "The Human Boy and the War," a novel by Mr. Eden Phillpotts dealing with the life of an English school boy in war time; "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War," by Mr. W. Trotter; "Nationalism, War, and Society," by Dr. Edward Krehbiel; "The War for the World," by Mr. Israel Zangwill; and "Introduction to the Study of Organized Labor," by Mr. G. G. Groat.

Two new volumes in the "Vassar College Semi-Centennial Series" are scheduled for publication before the end of this month by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. "Elizabethan Translations from the Italian," by Dr. Mary Augusta Scott, will present a study of Italian influences on Elizabethan drama; and in "Movement and Mental Imagery," Dr. Margaret Floy Washburn maintains the theory that all memory may be fundamentally motor memory and the "association of ideas" the association of movements.

All that M. Maeterlinck has written since the outbreak of the war is contained in a new volume

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of essays which is now in preparation under the title "The Wreck of the Storm." In addition to the essays the collection includes the three speeches delivered by M. Maeterlinck in London, Rome, and Milan respectively. It is printed in chronological order, beginning with "After the Victory," which dates back to August, 1914, and ending with "The Will of Earth." Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos is the translator.

Mr. S. W. Brooke, son of the late Stopford A. Brooke, requests us to bring to the notice of the many American friends of his father the fact that a memoir is in course of preparation, in which it is planned to print selected letters, or parts of letters. Correspondents of Stopford Brooke will do a favor by putting letters from him which may be in their possession at the disposal of Mr. S. W. Brooke for the use of the editor of the memoir. Letters will of course be preserved with care, and returned in due time to their owners. They should be addressed to Mr. S. W. Brooke, High Wether-sell, Cranleigh, England.

A profitable apprenticeship for those who are fond of books in the sense that makes the mere handling of them a delight, will be explained in detail to all librarians and library workers and library students who make application to the kindly-disposed person who has sent us the following interesting communication: "Library book-binding thoroughly taught. To Librarians and Library Students. A three months' course in bookbinding under an experienced binder and teacher in a model shop, free. Wages for two months' work. William H. Rademaekers, Chester Avenue and Oraton Street, Newark, N. J. Refers to J. C. Dana, Free Public Library, Newark, N. J. Full information sent on application."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 90 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Anna Jameson:** Letters and Friendships (1812-1860). Edited by Mrs. Stuart Erskine. Illustrated, large 8vo, 350 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.
- Alexander Wyant.** By Elliot Clark. Illustrated, 4to, 69 pages. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. \$12.50 net.
- Memorandum Written by Williamrotch in the Eightieth Year of His Age.** Limited edition; illustrated, 12mo, 89 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50.
- Ghenko:** The Mongol Invasion of Japan. By Nakaba Yamada, B.A.; with introduction by Lord Armstrong. Illustrated, 8vo, 277 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.
- The Origins of the Islamic State.** Translated from the Arabic by Philip Khuri Hitti, Ph.D. Volume I. Large 8vo, 518 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper, \$4.
- A Critical Study of the Historical Method of Samuel Rawson Gardiner.** By Roland G. Usher. Large 8vo, 159 pages. St. Louis: Washington University Studies. Paper.
- Historic Indiana.** By Julia Henderson Levering. Revised and enlarged edition; illustrated, 8vo, 565 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Maurice Maeterlinck:** Poet and Philosopher. By MacDonald Clark. With portrait, 8vo, 304 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

Loeb Classical Library. New volumes: Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with an English translation by Frank Justus Miller, 2 vols.; Virgil, with an English translation by H. Rushton Fairclough, Vol. I; Plautus, with an English translation by Paul Nixon, Vol. I; Plutarch's Lives, with an English translation by Bernadotte Perrin, Vol. III; Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, a revised text and a translation into English by C. R. Haines. Each 16mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Per volume, \$1.50.

The Elements of Style: An Introduction to Literary Criticism. By David Watson Rannie, M.A. 12mo, 312 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

For England. By H. Fielding-Hall. 8vo, 144 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

- A Book of Princeton Verse, 1916.** Edited by Alfred Noyes. 12mo, 187 pages. Princeton University Press. \$1.25.
- Wind and Weather.** By L. H. Bailey. 12mo, 216 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.
- Sordella.** By Robert Browning; edited by Arthur J. Whyte, M.A. 12mo, 395 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.

FICTION.

- The Prisoner.** By Alice Brown. 12mo, 471 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Star of the North.** By Francis William Sullivan. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 379 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.
- The Border Legion.** By Zane Grey. Illustrated, 12mo, 366 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.
- The Little Demon.** By Feodor Sologub; translated from the Russian by John Cournos and Richard Aldington. 12mo, 349 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.
- The Lightning Conductor Discovers America.** By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Illustrated, 12mo, 384 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
- The Grasp of the Sultan.** Illustrated, 12mo, 303 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.
- The Hermit Doctor of Gaya:** A Love Story of Modern India. By I. A. R. Wylie. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 554 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.
- The Red Debt:** Echoes from Kentucky. By Everett MacDonald. Illustrated, 12mo, 334 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25.
- The Way of All Flesh.** By Samuel Butler; with introduction by William Lyon Phelps. New edition; 12mo, 464 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Breadwinners:** A Social Study. By John Hay, LL.D. New edition; 12mo, 319 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- Murder.** By David S. Greenberg. 12mo, 626 pages. New York: The Hour Publisher. \$1.50.
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